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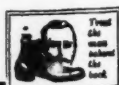
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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XLVII.—No. 1212.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

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COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

LORD BLYTH & SUGAR BEET GROWING

FEW people are so well qualified as Lord Blyth to pronounce on the possibility and advantage of growing beet for the purpose of making our own sugar. During the War, at the request of Lord Lucas, then President of the Board of Agriculture, he carried out on one of his farms at Blythwood a series of experiments in growing sugar beet. The work was done under the surveillance of Professor T. B. Wood of the agricultural school at Cambridge University and a number of experts in the service of the Board of Agriculture. The experiment laid bare the various obstacles to the cultivation of this crop and qualified Lord Blyth to write the exceptionally useful and informative letter which was printed in the *Times* of March 19th.

Lord Blyth's main object was to secure public support for the work now being done at Kelham. Here, under the supervision of the Board of Agriculture, preparations have been made for growing sugar beet on a considerable scale. This could not be done at a more opportune moment. It is perfectly clear that the present scarcity of sugar is going to last for a considerable time, and a start made now must possess every chance of securing good financial results. Kelham is particularly well suited for the purpose, chiefly because of its abundant means of transport. What has nullified previous attempts at growing sugar beet on a commercial basis in this country is the expense and loss of time consequent upon the long distance to which the roots had to be transported. Beet is very unlike the mangold, in this particular that it dives deep down into the soil, whereas the mangold is one of those bulbs that grow out of the soil and, in consequence, is very easy to lift. The expense of lifting sugar beet is very considerable, although it may be lessened by the adoption of a digging implement invented, we believe, in Germany, but used in the Low Countries and in France.

The transport difficulty is reduced to a minimum at Kelham. There are three ways in which beet and the manures, etc., needed for the purpose of growing it can be carried from one place to another. These are the road, the rail, and the canal. By one or other the roots at very small expense indeed can be carried to the sugar factory. Kelham possesses all of them.

Lord Blyth flings out a hope, or a suggestion, that the time may come when science may make it possible to extract the saccharine from the beet on the situation in which it is grown. That would make assurance doubly sure. In the meantime the farmers are to have the benefit of a reduction in the Excise duty. This will give them an advantage of a hundred and twenty-four shillings a ton over the imported foreign sugar. Thus the manufacturing side of the business is being made tolerably secure.

But the problem is to induce the farmers to take to the growing of a crop of which they have had no very encouraging experience in the past. Lord Blyth thinks that the circumstances would justify some encouragement being held out to the growers in the shape of a subsidy. It need not be a large one, "even a few shillings a ton bonus for two or three seasons would give wonderful impetus to the industry and might encourage a dozen, if not a score, of farmers in every county, with their differences of soil and atmosphere, to try experiments which would be of priceless value to the State." In order to make the experiment really worth carrying out, Lord Blyth suggests that there should be established a central Government laboratory to collect and analyse scientific results. The main things we want to know about sugar beet are the seeds, soils and manures most needed to secure a good "sugar content."

The great reason for promptitude in getting on with the work is that to-day there is a world shortage of sugar of nearly two and a half million tons. The consumption of our forty-five millions of population, calculated at ninety pounds per head, amounts to one million eight hundred thousand tons yearly, so that there would be plenty to do in the work of supplying the home market. In 1918 the value of sugar imported into this country was thirty-four million pounds sterling. If each acre produced twelve tons of beet, averaging two thousand five hundred pounds of sugar to the acre, one and a half million acres out of the forty million acres now cultivated in the United Kingdom would provide for our total consumption. Here is, indeed, a very inviting prospect.

Our Frontispiece

LADY PHYLIS KING, whose portrait appears on the first page of this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE, is the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lovelace.

* * * Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



COUNTRY NOTES.

THE world outlook at the present moment is not rose-coloured. Although the War nominally came to an end nearly eighteen months ago, the condition of the various countries engaged in it, far from improving, has gone from bad to worse. Germany is the most striking example. The result of the Junker revolution has been to bring the country nearer chaos than it was before. Every section of the population is alarmed and disturbed, and the papers are full of hideous stories of fighting and outrage. No leader of outstanding genius shows any sign of coming to the top. Ludendorff appears to have been in sympathy with the rising. He is hostile to the Bolsheviks, but is reported to have said that he would prefer a Bolshevik Germany to a Germany under the tutelage of the Allies. Ebert does not seem strong enough to quell the insurgents, and the danger is that in the conflict between supporters of the old *régime* and the moderate Socialists an opportunity will be given to the extremists. Germany is in great danger of having to pass through the same experience as Russia.

THE situation is further complicated by the refusal of the United States to ratify the Treaty of Peace. This will be regarded by the Central Powers as furnishing proof of dissension among the Allies, and it would be difficult to show that the deduction is false. To us at this side of the Atlantic it is difficult to analyse the deeper causes which have brought about this check to the prestige of President Wilson. On the surface it looks as though he had been thoroughly discredited as the spokesman of his country. No doubt, he is only President, and in a few months there will be a presidential election in which he may be displaced. Even then he would remain in power till April, 1921, before giving place to his successor. It is open to him to send the Treaty of Peace back to the Senate, but it is unlikely that he will take that course, as there is little prospect of the present decision being reversed. This is the more unfortunate because the forces of anarchy are running so strong on the Continent that intervention of some kind may be rendered necessary at any time. Marshal Foch is prepared for such a contingency, but it will not conduce to the maintenance of his moral authority that the United States cannot now be expected to co-operate with him. For a year, at least, America will have to stand out.

EQUALLY menacing is the condition of Ireland. The murder of the Lord Mayor of Cork is an ugly portent. He was a Sinn Féiner and a leader of that anarchical party, in fact, the reluctance of his wife to open the door to the assassins seems to have been chiefly due to a suspicion that they might be a party of the Irish Constabulary sent to apprehend her husband. Some of the Irish papers have thrown out hints that the murderers had come over from England, but that was incredible on the face of it, and at the inquest it was stated that the men spoke with an Irish accent. Possibly Alderman MacCurtain is a victim to the suspicious animosity which so frequently breaks out

among secret conspirators. Men who recognise that they belong to a band of outlaws are ever prone to imagine that there are spies in their ranks, and in all probability the belief that Mr. MacCurtain had turned against them accounts for the crime. Be that as it may, the ferocious outrages which are chronicled daily in Ireland point to a state of things in that country which is more than alarming.

THE business of this country is brought into clear definition by these crimes. It is that all that we possess of statesmanship should be concentrated on developing a plan for bringing Ireland back into the fold of civilisation. The danger that she will revert still further in the direction of lawlessness affects this country as well as Ireland. Few will advocate the mere application of force. That has been tried again and again without producing lasting effect. But it cannot be regarded as mere force that it is necessary to punish and put down crime. At the same time, the object should be to bring a sense of responsibility home to the Irishmen themselves. They must work out their own salvation. All that we can do is to remove obstacles from the path. It will be a thousand times better that the murderers of both Mr. MacCurtain and the unfortunate constable who was shot on the same day should be tried, convicted and sentenced by their own countrymen. Irishmen can be made to see that without the enforcement of the law against taking life the existence of orderly society is impossible. If they do that, then it will be for our statesmen in co-operation with them to draw up a form of government that will meet their aspirations without endangering the peace of the Empire.

LULLABY.

Now the shepherds fold their sheep,
Softly tolls the evening chime,
While the stars begin to peep,
Sleep and slumber, Baby Mine.

Little birds now seek their nest
Weary with the day so long;
Thinking sleeping time is best,
They have ceased their merry song.

Sleep and slumber, Baby Mine,
Slumber sweetly on till dawn,
Till the stars have ceased to shine
And fair sunbeams cross the lawn.
Sleep and slumber, Baby dear,
Angels watch, and Mother's near.

MARY WINTER WERE.

THE election of Sir Edwin Lutyens as a Royal Academician does honour to a great architect who is also a great artist—one who possesses the rare gift of assimilating the spirit of the past and infusing his own work with it in such a way that tradition becomes a new and living thing. All his buildings are vitalised by this quality. Always they display fertility in design, always they take cognizance of the eternal laws of proportion and composition, while at the same time embodying that wealth of interest which is given by the crafts allied to architecture. It is not too much to say that Sir Edwin Lutyens embellishes everything he touches. The structure may vary in degree, greater occasions giving opportunity for greater achievements, but all bear the hall-mark of genius. In one case it is a small building like Barton St. Mary, in another it is a magnificent country home like Temple Dinsley or Great Maytham which displays his art, while in the New Delhi buildings that will constitute the most extensive of all his works he achieves monumental architecture in terms of individuality. It is these qualities that give to his work an enduring interest.

THE prospect of a beautiful Easter is causing many thousands of people to plan holidays and excursions to the haunts familiar before the War. Some of these will be visited, however, in a very different spirit. We hear from France that innumerable visitors have notified their intention of visiting the graves of the soldiers who fell in that country. At places like Amiens and Albert

it is practically impossible to procure accommodation. Everything let-able has been taken. Indeed, the resources of the country are in the way of being severely taxed. Food of all kinds is scarcer in France than in this country, and travel by road is expensive beyond all precedent. Many will have to walk who are little accustomed to this exercise. This is hardest on those who are making considerable sacrifices in order to see the graves of the sons, brothers or lovers who fell in France. They in themselves would form a considerable crowd; but vast numbers of tourists are crossing over from the United States of whom comparatively few have a direct cause for grief. The others are impelled by the motives common to the sightseer, of which curiosity is the chief. No doubt the people in the districts will reap a considerable harvest from this invasion, but the lack of foodstuffs and accommodation must have a limiting effect.

AT home there promises to be a great crush and its usual inconvenience at most of the holiday resorts. Places like Margate, for example, have every available room booked up, and those who have not made preparations beforehand are likely to find themselves in a difficulty. This state of things applies not only to watering-places and health resorts, but to the villages all over the country. Never was the demand so great for week-end cottages, and never has it been so difficult to respond to it. The truth is that many men when they came back from the War got married, or are waiting to get married, and they lay claim to every cottage that becomes vacant. Moreover, the farmer is very glad to have them in spite of the high wages and short hours. The consequence is that the cottages which used to be let to week-enders are now permanently occupied. It is a good thing that it should be so. After all, the first claim to the houses is that of the men responsible for cultivating the soil and producing the food of the country. Many of them were crowded out by the week-enders in the days before the War, and the said week-enders has not quite realised that a revolution has taken place in the conditions and that he cannot do now as he did in the year 1913.

BY the death of Mr. Sedley Taylor at the age of eighty-six Cambridge loses a cherished and traditional figure. There was about him, alike in appearance and character, that touch of oddity that will always make people recall him with a smile. At the same time no one in Cambridge was regarded with more real respect as well as affection. He will be most widely remembered, perhaps, for his love and encouragement of music, for his work for the Musical Society, as an admirable singer of comic songs, and a great teller of stories. There was a famous song of Corney Grain's about a tune written as a polka, but converted into a sentimental song about a little choir boy, which remains for ever associated in the mind of the present writer with Mr. Sedley Taylor's singing of it. It was with such intense enjoyment that he told how "his voice o'ertopped the rest. It was very inartistic, but the public like that best." In the same way his stories were delightful because he clearly enjoyed them so much himself. Even if, as, in time, was bound to happen, the listener had heard some of them before, there was still a bubble about them not to be resisted. Very few have ever left behind them a pleasanter or more lovable memory.

IF the Golden Ballot had done nothing else than provide a considerable proportion of the funds for Preston Hall it would have justified its end. The Preston Hall estate near Aylesford, a village about two and a half miles from Maidstone, is the very place to which men should be sent for cure and recuperation. It is a large mansion with a hundred and sixty rooms; the gardens and grounds occupy ninety-eight acres, and they are furnished with hothouses and greenhouses for the cultivation of peaches, grapes, figs and so on. There is a good area devoted to orchards and a modern poultry farm of fifty-eight acres, and added to these a woodland of two hundred and eighty-seven acres. Men suffering from pulmonary complaints will there be enabled to acquire a knowledge of gardening,

fruit-growing, poultry-keeping and other light outdoor occupations of the fresh air. They will thus be re-established in health while they are acquiring knowledge of a country occupation. For six months the equipment and preparation of the estate has been going on. As well as attending to the practical education of the patients, attention has been given to games and other amusements, as it is recognised that to interest them is as necessary to health as anything else.

LAST Saturday, with its blaze of spring sunshine, was a very bright day for English Rugby football, for the unbeaten Scotsmen who had first checked Wales and then routed Ireland were made to bite the Twickenham dust in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. The brilliant sailor, Davies, had one of his days on which he might turn the fortunes of any match; but, indeed, the whole English side played well and justified itself and its selectors. The selectors have been much criticised for choosing a Welsh player, Hammett, and Hammett himself has been criticised for his play. He still remains a Welsh football player, but on Saturday he was, at any rate, a very good one. The result of this match is that that imaginary decoration the "triple crown," on a par with the "ashes" at cricket, is this year in abeyance. England, Scotland and Wales have each won three matches and lost one, and so cannot be divided. Ireland and France, having lost three matches apiece, also occupy for the moment a much less glorious bracket. Their meeting will decide which of the five countries is to be absolutely last. If the match were to be played in Paris, the Frenchmen would surely win. As it is to be in Ireland, the issue is very open. It should be an exciting battle between two sides having something of the same excitable temperament.

TO A STREAM.

Ripple, ripple, little stream,
Murmur on and make me dream.
Hurry over moss and stone
With a music all your own.
Hurry on through foul and fair—
Hurry hurry, everywhere:
Hurry, hurry, to the sea
Where I know you fain would be.
Join a river, flow along,
Hurry, hurry, is your song.
Sparkle, glitter, in the sun
Little stream, so full of fun.
Silent, flow, in rain, and sleet
'Till at last the sea you meet—
Ripple, ripple, little stream
While I sit and dream my dream.

MONICA BRADBURY.

IT is all very well for the Government to allocate funds for the purpose of improving the roads on which the transport is mostly by motor, but these main roads were not neglected to anything like the extent that the lanes were during the War. Some of these have become as bad as they could have been in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and that is saying a good deal. Motoring on them has become impossible except at the risk of needing a new tyre for every two or three miles. But the main point is that these lanes are mostly used by pedestrians, farmers and gardeners who drive along in their gigs. The main highway has become very uncomfortable for this kind of travelling because of the vastly increased vehicular traffic. But surely those who pay their highway rates and use the lanes are as much entitled to consideration as those who use the trunk roads. During wet weather they become absolutely impassable, with the result that hedges are broken down so that the water may be avoided. Often this is a cause of considerable loss to the farmer, especially if he has stock in the field or a crop of winter wheat coming on. We know of many places in which yards of the wheat have been trodden into a path, and those who use it even go the length of saying they have established a right of way. The lanes urgently need the attention of the county councils or other local bodies that have the management of them.

THE ROOK

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY CAPTAIN C. W. R. KNIGHT, M.C.

THE exceptionally mild weather of the first months of the present year would not seem to have induced the rooks to commence the business of repairing last year's nests and constructing new ones before the usual time; and though the warm spring-like days of February, and even of January, found many rooks seated round the dilapidated remains of last year's homes, there was no attempt at any kind of nest construction (in the rookeries that I have observed) until the month of March was well on the way.

Such late winter visits to the rookery would seem to be paid with a vague idea of inspecting the old sites; but the rooks apparently soon tire of this, and generally sit and pass the time in preening their beautiful dark bluish-purple feathers.

But in due course the rookery assumes a more purposeful appearance—the real business of nest building commences in earnest, and by reason of the frequent comings and goings, and the curious antics involved, the tree tops afford a spectacle which can hardly fail to attract and arrest attention.

How intently does each pair of rooks work to perfect their future home, and with what a pompous air do they turn all comers from what they consider to be their own particular area! And to what enormous trouble does a rook put himself to snap off and carry home the small branch that happens to take his fancy.

Watch him sidling along a bough towards the coveted prize; see the twistings of his neck and the heave of his shoulders, as with half-closed eyes he tries to wrench it free; and when, at length, he has it safely grasped in his bill his troubles are often hardly begun.

Generally a rook obtains the twigs, or what may be termed small branches, for the foundation of his nest from a tree at some considerable distance from the rookery, and consequently he has to labour through the air with his ill-shapen spoil, the awkward side growths catching in his wings as he flies, and, perhaps, to make matters worse, he must do battle against an adverse wind that playfully blows him out of his course.

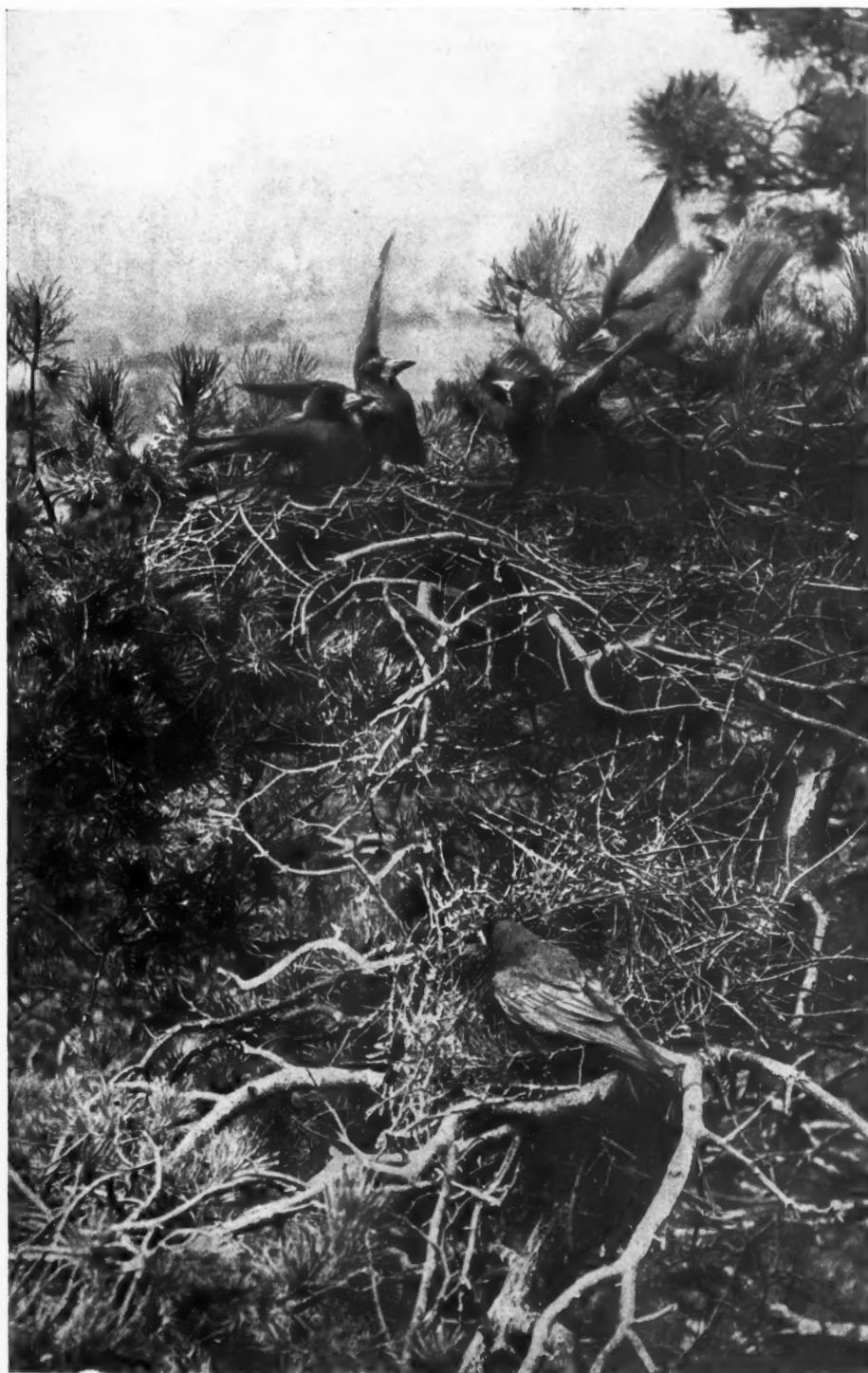
At last, however, the goal will be reached, with, in all probability, an adoring if impatient mate to help him in the final stages of his trouble; and then, with what quaint beak thrusts and tuggings, will the prize be fixed in position.

No sooner is this satisfactorily accomplished than the rook is off once more for fresh material.

A colony of rooks on a balmy March morning, cawing lazily from among the tree tops high above the pretty primroses that carpet the sweet-smelling earth beneath, may give the casual observer the impression of being a peaceable and amiable community; but not infrequently these early spring days see some lively struggles for mastery among them. How human they are!

One pair, perhaps resenting the proximity of those in the next nest, find some excuse for the exchange of a few pleasantries, and give vent to their feelings by advancing towards their neighbours with uplifted wings, raised "hackles," and the most awe-inspiring caws that they can produce, each of them, apparently, urging on the other to go in and set the brave example. Meanwhile, the neighbours put up a good show by standing firmly with raised feathers and open beaks, and endeavour to bluff the aggressors into believing that they will hold on till the last.

One of the photographs reproduced here shows just such a noisy quarrel in operation. Two pairs of rooks are taking part in the squabble, and while each individual backs up his friend, all seem disinclined to lead off. One will jab wildly with his beak in the direction of the enemy, upon which all will caw frantically—another will take half a pace forward to the



A NOISY QUARREL IN THE TREE TOPS.



SCENES FROM A ROOK COLONY.

The watchful rook.

The rook's food pouch.

loud applause of his mate; while the besieged, by firmly holding their ground, seem to demoralise the attackers to such an extent that no decisive result is attained. And so, with a good deal of wing flapping and smoothing of ruffled feathers, the battle comes to an inglorious end. No blood has been spilt, but everyone seems satisfied.

While all this is going on the rook in the flat below goes complacently about her business, neither she, nor any of the others in the vicinity taking the least interest in the uproar. A certain chivalry would seem to exist among rooks on rare occasions, and the following instance, since it is somewhat unusual, may be of interest to the reader.

A pair of rooks, having finished their nest early in the year, had reached the stage when their eggs must have been near to hatching, when another pair elected to commence their nest in the fork of a branch some 4ft. or 5ft. away. Whether these latter birds were actuated by feelings of jealousy or whether they had some grievance, it is difficult to say; but, for some unaccountable reason, one of them made a sudden and fierce attack on his neighbour's unoffending wife as she sat on her eggs.

At this psychological moment it happened that the mate of the unhappy lady chanced to be returning to the tree with a pouchful of food for her. As he neared the tree and caught sight of the struggle taking place in his home he suddenly quickened his pace, and with the swerving, purposeful action of a falcon, dashed into the tree and on to the nest. The next instant, firmly locked in each others beaks and claws, he and the miscreant came fluttering and tumbling to earth, a confused bundle of feathers. The bird which had been thus unceremoniously attacked resuming her duties as though nothing untoward had happened.



ABOUT TO FEED THE LITTLE ONES.
The extended food pouch is clearly shown here

Towards the middle of March or early in April the nests will generally be completed and will contain their clutches of greenish, spotted eggs. Rooks eggs vary in an extraordinary manner both in shape, size, and the number making up the full clutch. Some are almost spherical, others pear shaped, some as large almost as crows' eggs, others the size of good big blackbirds'; some are almost white, some darkly blotched with blackish markings, some greenish, and some of a light blue colour. As many as six eggs are sometimes laid, while to find a rook sitting on a solitary egg is not at all unusual, nor is it uncommon to find but a single nestling hatched.

The ground beneath a rookery is littered with the sticks that have been dropped and with the "pellets" that the birds have cast. As such "pellets" or "castings" are composed of the indigestible portions of food that the birds may have swallowed, and generally consist of grasses, beetle's cases, and so on, they afford good evidence of the rook's taste. The ability to get rid of indigestible matter by so ejecting it through the beak is shared by all of the corvidae, also herons, owls and hawks.

Rooks generally cling to the breeding sites with remarkable tenacity. Year after year they will return to the same clump of trees, and so marked is their constancy in this respect that their presence is often associated with the fortunes of the family whose permanence has, so to speak, coincided with their own.

It is an ill day for the Hall, say the village wisacres, when the rooks fail to put in an appearance, and until they re-establish themselves the bad luck will continue. Sometimes, however, tradition is boldly defied, and the rooks are given notice to quit.

The following instance may serve to show how difficult it may be to persuade the members of a rookery to nest anywhere else but in their time-honoured clump of trees.

A farmer, on whose land was a long established rookery, decided that he would have no more of the birds, and detailed a man to stand under

the trees armed with a gun and instructions to shoot any rooks that might come within range. Weeks passed, and still the rooks, hanging about the trees of their infancy, refused to commence nest building elsewhere. Occasionally one or two would alight on the familiar branches, generally to pay the full penalty, and yet they refused to leave.

At last, however, the watch below was relaxed, the birds immediately commenced to build, and where one evening there had not been a single new nest, the following morning



EARLY ROOK'S NEST WITH YOUNG, ANOTHER HAS, MEANWHILE, BEEN BUILT ABOVE.

saw between fifty and sixty being run up at lightning speed. A few days later the man with the gun resumed action. The ground beneath the trees was littered with the bodies of the fallen, and at length such terror was instilled into them that the survivors were compelled to betake themselves elsewhere.

On May 10th of that year it was found that a solitary pair of rooks had stuck bravely to the ancestral haunt and had laid

then some faithful husband may be seen flying into the tree, settling on the nest or some branch adjacent to it, and affectionately poking food down the throat of the cawing female, which operation accounts for the curious gulping sound which often intercepts a prolonged "caw-w-w-w."

On such occasions the female excitedly flaps her wings as she receives food in this way from the male, and sometimes she elects to flutter a yard or so to meet him instead of waiting

for him to come to the nest, perhaps being hungrier than usual or expecting a very dainty morsel. Rooks convey food to the young or the sitting mate in a little pouch at the base of the bill, which may be clearly seen in some of the accompanying photographs.

When the young rooks are able to leave the nest and take short flights to the surrounding trees, it is a common practice for the owner of the rookery to ask some friends round for a little rook shooting, either with guns or rifles. To what degree this may be termed "sport" is an open question, but certain it is that it does not prevent the rooks from returning to the nesting site in the following year—in fact, there are some who advocate a little judicious annual rook shooting, as it is said to strengthen the rookery; and, moreover, the possibility of rooks so increasing as to become a serious hindrance to the agriculturist must not be overlooked.

Few birds are more wary than the rook. A flock of them busily feeding in a field will appear to be too much engaged to notice your passing; but stand and raise your stick to your shoulder as you would a gun, and in a moment the whole flock are on the wing with loud and angry remonstrance.

Yet, watchful as the rook is, he would occasionally seem to be extremely stupid. Watch him hard at work labouring backwards and forwards between the nest and the tree from which he gets his sticks. So intent is he on his work

that he does not notice that each time his back is turned a rook from a neighbouring nest will commence to tug and pull at some attractive twig in his hardly won pile; nor, indeed, is it essential that his back should be turned, for the robbery often takes place beneath his very beak, without his taking the slightest notice. He carefully adjusts the latest find, and cheerfully sets out for another.



PARENT FEEDING YOUNG.

three eggs in a nest surrounded by the partially finished homes of dead or fugitive relations.

By the middle of April the majority of the rooks will be sitting on hard set eggs, or newly hatched young, and then it would seem that peace reigns at last.

The "caws" that proceed from the nests seem to be the sleepy conversation of a contented people, and every now and

BLACKTHORN

Through long wet days of winter when the frosty rime lies deep,
The naked, slumbering woodlands stand low sighing in their sleep.
Then, suddenly one morning we awaken to the light
Of hedgerow, and of thicket, and of coppice clad in white.
Oh! there's nothing gives new hopefulness to March so often grey
As does a wreath of blackthorn bloom upon its leafless spray.

W. M. E. F.

A DAY WITH THE TUNNY FISHERS

SOME years before the War I had an opportunity of seeing at close quarters the hauling of a tunny net, and, perhaps, a short account of how it is done may be of interest. The occasion was this. It was in August, and combined manœuvres of the Mediterranean and Home Fleets were about to take place off the coast of Portugal. The ship I was in was acting as Umpire's ship, and we had three or four distinguished admirals on board who were to act as umpires in the forthcoming operations. Portugal was a Monarchy in these days, and poor Dom Carlos was always a good friend of the British Navy. It was due to his initiative that the owners of the fishery invited the admirals and the officers of the ship to visit the fishery and witness the hauling of the net.

A few words about the tunny—the big brother of the sportive mackerel. In general form he is distinctly "mackerelly," and his immensely powerful, sickle-shaped tail and his general lines show him to be, what he is, one of the fastest swimmers in the sea. In colour he resembles the mackerel, too, and is a true pelagic—that is, a deep water fish. In the summer the tunny comes closer in shore to spawn, and one of his routes is along the coast of Spain and Portugal on his way into the Mediterranean. His size is very great, as will be seen from the illustrations. Specimens have been landed up to 1,500lb. in weight. He is practically the same fish as the tuna, and one of the supremest sports of the sea must be the capture of these gigantic fish on rod and line. This has been done on the other side of the Atlantic, off the coast of Newfoundland. Some years ago there were accounts of a tireless sportsman who hooked and played one for *seventeen* hours, finally losing it. Bad luck!

But the Portuguese prefer the more remunerative, if less sporting, way of catching the tunny in nets. The net fishery is an extremely valuable one, the outfit costing many thousands of pounds. The nets themselves are necessarily extremely strong, made of iron ropes with steel wire ropes as head and foot ropes and very large sinkers and buoys. A line of these nets is laid down at right-angles to the shore and in about ten fathoms of water. At the seaward end of the line the net is curved round so as to form a *cul-de-sac*, and laced to this curved portion of the net is a bottom net. The tunny swimming along shore meets the straight line of nets and turns seaward following the line of net until he gets into the *cul-de-sac*. Stationed at the only exit to the *cul-de-sac* are men in anchored boats, who watch the great fish through water telescopes and do their best to scare back any which may endeavour to get out of the ring of nets. These watchers get a pretty good idea of the number of tunny which are swimming round and round in the recurved portion of the net. On the day we visited the fishery it was estimated that about two thousand fish were in the net. The day that the net is to be hauled a separate net is laid from the straight line of nets to the end of the recurved net. The fish are now in a sort of chamber of nets. The fishermen call it the "chamber of death."

We went down from Lagos in a destroyer about twenty miles and then disembarked into barges. The fishermen now grappled the bottom net of the "chamber of death" and began steadily hauling it up, allowing the net to sink again as they hauled themselves along. This process is known as "under-running" (the net). Other barges are now made fast along the

side nets of the chamber until the whole enclosed square is lined with barges. The fishermen in these barges are armed with enormous gaffs—more like boathooks than gaffs. It was a regular holiday for the local Portuguese, and many women and



PULLING UP THE GROUND NET.
Showing the lines of the side nets which enclose all the fish.



THE FISH BEGINNING TO "FLURRY."

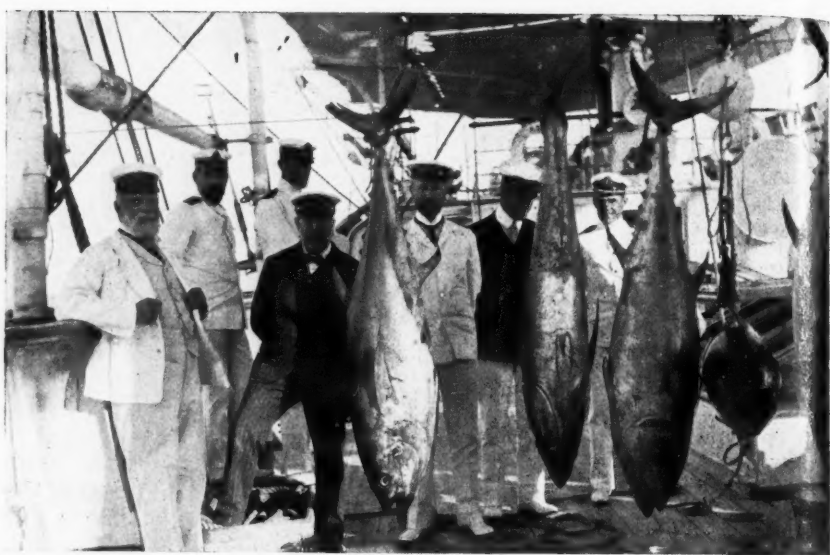


GAFFING A FISH.
The water is broken up by the enormous fish swimming about.

children and other spectators came off from the shore to see the fun. There was a pleasant fresh breeze blowing and a good many of those in the barges and small steamboats had to "pay tribute" before the day was over. The whole scene was extremely animated and interesting.

If the description has been followed, it will be evident that, as the bottom net is hauled up, all the fish in the "chamber of death" are slowly but steadily forced up to the surface. Now and then a panic would seize the doomed fish and they began to lash the shallow water to foam, deluging the barges with water. At length the bottom net was hauled up until the fish were swimming in only a few feet of water, and then the fun began. The fishermen would lean over the sides of the barges and gaff any fish within reach, and so cleverly was it done that when the gaffed fish made a plunge forward the gaffer directed the plunge so as to aid him in getting the fish out of the water and into the barge. The first lieutenant and myself, not wishing to be left out, armed ourselves with a 6ft. gaff and gaffed a fish of about two hundred pounds. Not knowing the trick, we were nearly hauled into the bloodstained and troubled water. However, we hung on and eventually hauled our tunny into the barge amid loud laughter and shouts of approval. Besides the tunny, many swordfish were captured, and we tried in vain to purchase one for the sake of the splendid bit of spiral ivory with which they are armed. It was a curious sight to see three senior admirals covered with spray and blood and shouting and gaffing away as keenly as their juniors.

In all about one thousand eight hundred fish were caught. The barges were then taken in tow back to the shore, where the fish were cut up, boiled in oil and packed in tins like the humble sardine.



THE FISHERS AND THE FISH.

Tinned tunny are eaten all over Spain and Portugal and fetch a good price. Fresh tunny are not bad, but are rather strongly flavoured. A rather amusing incident occurred a few days later. Dom Carlos presented some tinned tunny to the Fleet, and a general signal was made that "two tons of tinned tunny" had been presented and that ships were to send boats to flagship for same. The Fleet was so big that the signal got rather misunderstood by repetition from one ship to another, and accordingly some of the ships sent a steamboat with launch in tow to receive two tons of tinned tunny while others sent two boys in a skiff to get their two tins of tinned tunny. The photograph of the fish hung up on board shows only quite small fish—not over 40lb. to 60lb. each.

H. W. B. S.

IN THE GARDEN

WINTER SHRUBS.

THE herbaceous borders are still bare save for the snowdrops, crocuses, and *Iris stylosa*, but from wood ripened by the rare summer of last year the winter shrubs are putting forth their buds and stars and tresses to make February unusually gay. Lemon and orange, and silver, white, pink and red they come, and while the herbaceous gardener waits for his joys, it is already the hour of the "shrub men."

The best of the barberries is the first to bloom, and *Berberis Bealii* hangs its pale racemes abundantly from the noble foliage and fills its shady nook with lily of the valley sweetness. *B. japonica* is also in full flower. Since Christmas *Chimonanthus fragrans*, from Japan, has crowded its naked branches with little translucent chalices flushed with purple; while sweeter yet is the great *Daphne odora*, already opening pink trusses of sharply scented blossoms. A kinsman of the daphnes, *Edgeworthia chrysantha*, crowns each branchlet with a tight rosette of yellow flowerets packed together, and these, too, are fragrant; while the true *Daphne Mezereum*, white and pink and crimson, is decorated now, and its scarlet and yellow fruits will shine among the year's foliage when autumn comes.

In half shade the shrub gardener should plant that richly aromatic evergreen, *Peumus citriodora*, from Chili. When prosperous, in-peat for choice, it makes a striking shrub, and with February hangs out corymbs of little white, starry blossoms among the dark, spicy-scented leaves. The fruits of *Peumus* are an addition to dessert in its own land; but I have not heard of fruit in England, though under glass it might set them.

The hamamelids are all in full bloom and covered with spidery, yellow inflorescence—fragrant as bluebells in the case of *H. mollis*, the queen of the clan. It makes "sunshine in a shady place" and rises like a candelabra of tangled gold against the gloom behind it. *H. zuccariniana* has a smaller blossom, while *H. arborea* adds a beauty by holding its brown, beech-like leaves with the newly opened bloom. A branch of this witch hazel in a blue and white Japanese jar is decoration enough for any drawing-room.

Osmanthus aquifolium still hangs out its sweet, inconspicuous white sprays, but they were at their best in December. *O. ilicifolia* is also in flower, while *Corylopsis pauciflora* and *Stachyurus præcox*, from Japan, already opens pendant spikes of lemon-coloured blossoms, though one hardly looks for them before March. There is a wall behind *Stachyurus*, however, and a snug wall works wonders with winter-flowering shrubs. Many are worth it, and those thus comforted will often reward the gardener in a generous fashion before he expects them to do so.

Rhododendron Nobleanum is in good flower and the little deciduous varieties, *R. dauricum*, from Russia, and its offspring, *R. præcox*, make beautiful masses of rosy lavender light in the dark borders. A grander species, *R. arboreum*, will often appear at the beginning of the year, also, and a dark crimson variety now flowering in the West Country appears to be earliest of all. It lacks the size and splendour of late comers, but adds a very keen delight to these grey February days. The dainty *R. Moupinense*, a Chinese dwarf, with large waxy, white flowers and pink anthers, is also in bloom, and seems a stray from summer in its exotic distinction. But *Moupinense* should have a bell-glass against winter and rough weather. *R. argenteum*, one of the real swells, is also in flower, sheltered in a corner. *Plagiospermum uniflorum* is a fairy-like, frail thing, opening orange stars and young leaves together; and *Acacia dealbata*, with the scent of the Riviera in its gay, feathery gold, will also quicken soon. But February frosts are very apt to bring discouragement to *Acacias* and, for the moment, one watches and waits in hope. Lastly, one may note that the *Cydonias*—scarlet and crimson and cream—are all aglow.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

SPRING TREATMENT OF GLADIOLI.

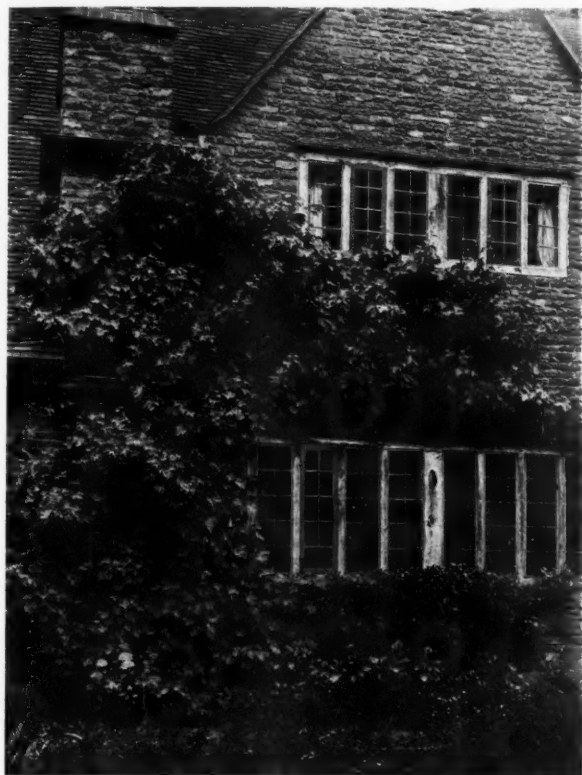
There is diversity of opinion as to the spring treatment of these stately flowers. Some advocate potting the bulbs, or rather corms, but this method is only to be commended when space under glass is plentiful. In cold and late districts it is preferable to place the corms in ordinary cutting boxes towards the end of March and to stand them either in cold frames or in

a cool house. If well hardened off and planted out carefully in late April or early May, little damage need be done to the roots. By adopting this method one has a reasonable chance of getting them into bloom with summer bedding plants. In gardens south of the Thames and in a good many northern gardens it is customary to plant the corms where they are to flower, and in early districts this seems to us by far the best method. The plants may be later than those brought on under glass in coming into bloom. The end of March is a good time to plant the corms in the open, and advantage should be taken of the dry weather for planting now that the soil is being warmed by the summer-like sunshine of early spring. Let the corms be planted, not in stiff rows and concentric circles, but in groups and drifts with dahlias and late-flowering herbaceous plants, with mignonette and nepeta at their feet, and see that they are watered generously should the weather be dry when they are making growth.

H. C.

VINE AND FIG FOR FOLIAGE.

There are many beautiful flowering plants that are commonly used for wall planting, whether against walls in connection with flower borders or against those of houses or other buildings; but it may safely be said that no growing wall covering, except perhaps for some brief space of flowering time, can compare with the whole summer-long beauty of the foliage of the grape vine. Not only



GRAPE VINE GROWN AGAINST A HOUSE.

is it a gracious thing against walls, where in our southern counties it can be trained and pruned for fruit, but elsewhere it can also be used freely for arbours and pergolas, for which its free growth and grateful shade so admirably fit it. This should be specially remembered on chalky soils, in which it delights. It is fortunate that the kinds that are hardiest in England are just those with the best-formed foliage, namely the Chasselas of France, known here by the misleading name of Royal Muscadine, and the Sweetwater Vines, its near relatives, such as Foster's Seedling.

The grand, simple foliage of the fig is also a fine decoration for a house wall; it may be trained close, but is better where it can be allowed to branch out for a yard or two. Any obvious overgrowth can be removed in winter. In our southern counties, also best on chalk, it can also be trained over a pergola or in any other form that may be desired.

The free growth of figs of the white Marseilles class makes them suitable for use as handsome foliage trees, and they have a specially good effect when combined with buildings, whether of refined or of homely character. An illustration shows one of these figs in the angle of a stable yard whose northern end is

closed in by a barn. The tree fruits freely, and its greenish figs are long and large, but they do not ripen so well, nor are they of so good a quality as other trees of the brown Turkey kind that are of less imposing stature. Any warm corner among buildings will suit these quick growing trees in any but our coldest districts. They seem to be indifferent as to soil, though they are said to prefer a chalky one. The fig in the picture grows in the poor, sandy soil of the district (south-west Surrey) and was given no special preparation.

STEPHANANDRA FLEXUOSA.

The merit of this neat Japanese shrub is not so much in the small white bloom which appears in July as in the gracefully arching and abundant shoots of sharply-cut foliage which takes on a fine ruddy colouring from middle summer onwards. It grows as a rounded, well-furnished bush from 5 ft. to 7 ft. high. It is closely allied to spiraea.

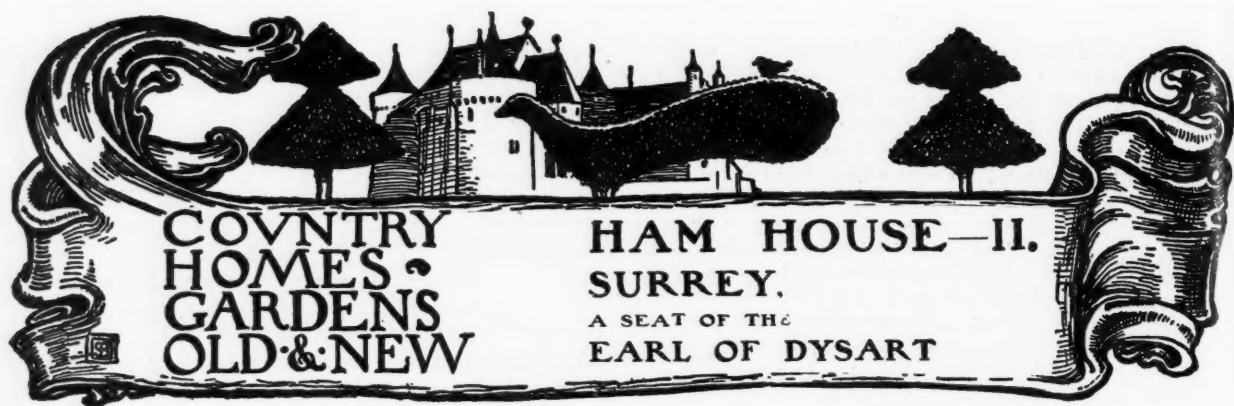
G. JEVYLL.



A FIG TREE ON A HOUSE WALL.



A WHITE MARSEILLES FIG WELL PLACED.



THE most interesting relics of Catherine Bruce, Mrs. Murray, remaining at Ham are her portrait by Van Dyck and her miniature by Hoskins. But we get a further idea of what her possessions were like from a list she drew up of gifts and payments to be made at her demise. Her "Sonne Sir Lionell Tollemach" is to have her "great dyamond ring." To her brother Robert Bruce she leaves £500. "To my Lady Sidenham my rich sable tipett." Her surviving children are three daughters, and they each get a bed and a mirror—Lady Tollemache, as the eldest, getting the best, viz., "my whitt Satten Bed with all that belongs to itt," and also "my greatest looking glass."

It is not as Lady Tollemache, but as Countess of Dysart and Duchess of Lauderdale that Elizabeth Murray is best known to us. Whether she openly assumed the former title immediately after her father's death or continued to keep it in the background during the Commonwealth days is not clear. Certainly she took care to keep in with the powers that be—so much so, indeed, that Revesby, in his Memoirs, would have us believe that she was Cromwell's mistress. She was therefore in a good position for improving her home at any time between the death of her mother and that of her first husband. The determination to be of importance, to have the best, to use her husbands and their fortunes to her advancement was as strong in Bess of Ham as it had been in Bess of Hardwick, and there is no reason to suppose that she delayed using such opportunities as she had. Sir Lionel, however, was not quite so accommodating as her prototype's husbands in the matter of either giving her a free hand in his affairs or rapidly departing to another world. After the Restoration, husband and wife appear to

drift apart, the one preferring Helmingham and the other Ham, so that, before Sir Lionel went abroad and died in 1669, there were those who said that the Countess was aiming at enhanced social and political power through a suspiciously close friendship with one of Charles II's important ministers. Born in 1616, John Maitland, eldest son of the first Earl of Lauderdale, was, as a young man, "regarded as one of the rising hopes of the ultra-covenanting party." But soon after he succeeded his father in 1645 he began to lean towards the side of Charles I, and was much engaged in the various negotiations on his behalf. In 1650 he crossed over to Holland and thence sailed to Scotland with Charles II, and in the following year was taken prisoner at the Battle of Worcester. After nine years of durance in the Tower of London the Restoration gave him liberty and office. He became Secretary for the Northern Kingdom in 1661, and held "the whole power and patronage in Scotland for 18 years." His influence over Charles II in the domain of foreign affairs was equal to that of any of the ministers who formed the "Cabal" Ministry. He did not let trifles stand in the way of advancement. He sought and reached wealth and power, and, finding the Countess of Dysart had the same aims, they became allies. The death of his first wife in 1671 allowed this association of interests to become a closer tie. The marriage took place at Petersham in March, 1672, and in that month John Kirkwood, the Duke's "acomptant," enters, among other items:

	£	s.	d.
To my Lord is Paid to his Lordship in hand at Ham	1	10	0
To my lady in hand for expence of the House after the 1st March 1671-2	800	0	0
To Mr. Masters for the servants at Ham	10	0	0



Copyright.

1.—THE SOUTH SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



3.—CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE MINIATURE ROOM. "COUNTRY LIFE."



2.—IN THE "PICTURE CLOSET" OR MINIATURE ROOM. Copyright.



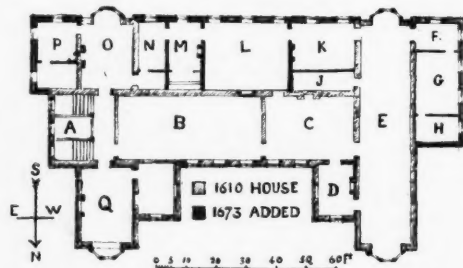
Copyright.

4.—THE YELLOW SATIN ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



5.—DOORWAYS ON THE FIRST FLOOR LANDING.



6.—SKETCH PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR AS IN 1679.

A. Great Staircase. B. Great Dining-room, now upper part of Hall. C. Tapestry Room, now North Drawing-room. D. Picture Closet, now Miniature Room. E. Matted Gallery, now the Long Gallery. F. Antelibrary. G. Library. H. Staircase. J. Staircase. K. Green Drawing-room, now Blue Drawing-room. L. The Queen's Bedchamber, since known as the Cabal Room. M. The Queen's Closet. N. The Queen's Ante-chamber. O. The Yellow Satin Room. P. Chamber over the Volery. Q. The State Bedchamber or room over the Chapel.

Kirkwood's headquarters were in London, and some of his accounts at this time refer to the Whitehall quarters of the Lauderdale. Cloth, ribbons, gloves, hats, etc., for liveries are costly, and so are "Bands & Cuffs to his Lop." The Captain of the "Yaught" gets £15, "Joyaux the French Cook in full to March," £25, and "Joseph his boy at the same time," £4 6s. 8d. A "Teirce of Champagne wine" costs £8, and "19 Dozen Bottles of Clarret," £9.

More important to our present purpose are such stray surviving accounts as relate to the alteration, enlargement and furnishing of Ham where Arthur Forbes was in charge. At the beginning of 1673 he had received on account of the building at Ham £1,618 5s., had disbursed £1,281 19s. 9d., and therefore had a balance in hand of £336 5s. 3d. Two years

later he furnishes a further account showing the bills received and payments made during that time. Turner, the brick-maker, had supplied 400,000 bricks at 8s. 6d. per 1,000. Will Smith, the bricklayer, makes a charge of £154 and "John Lampsine masson" demands £413 "in all." Carpenter, plasterer, plumber and pavior only needed about £500 among them, but the expense of the joiners is more serious. Henry Haslow, who had been paid in full up to 1673, has had £410 in ten payments since then, but is still owed £460, while Tho. Gelly, of the same craft, has earned £572 17s. The biggest item next to the joinery is the painting, Moor's account amounting to close on £500, while John Bullymore, the carver, needed £102 in all. If, as has been suggested, the decoration of the rooms in the 1610 fabric is of earlier date than this, Forbes' accounts from the date of the Lauderdale marriage to the year 1675, when the work appears to have been about complete, apply to the additions on the south front (Fig. 1). They took the form of filling in the recess between Vavasor's south wings and extending the front beyond them east and west. The change can be at once understood by comparing south and north fronts as they are to-day. The old south front was very like what the north front is, offering a space between the wings of some 70ft. in width by 24ft. in depth. The new seven-windowed centre and the new single window ends were brought forward about a foot beyond the fascia of the old wings, giving breaks to the long line of roof, from which all gables were removed and hips introduced both for the new and the old portions, a continuous modillioned cornice being run round the house. Variety was given to the walling of the new front by the coigning of the breaks and by the addition of bays to the ends of the original wings. It was a successful transformation in accord with the business character of the Lauderdale, who were both out to make the most of their opportunities, and desired to have a house fit for their enhanced rank and position without dipping too deeply into their purses. With the least disturbance and sacrifice of the old fabric and accommodation they added seven rooms to each floor and obtained a *piano nobile* with an orthodox suite of state apartments. How they were named and how they were decorated and furnished when complete appeared in an inventory made in 1679. No measured plan of the house seems to exist, but the one now given (Fig. 6) is sufficiently correct to enable the reader to understand the disposition of the first floor rooms as named in the inventory.

On the first landing of the staircase described last week are three great pedimented doorways (Fig. 5). Although they have not pilasters supporting a much broken architrave, they are yet much like Webb's work at Thorpe and Tyttenhanger. The smaller ones open at either end of the landing into "y^e Roome Over y^e Chappell" to the north and into the Yellow Satin Room (Fig. 4) to the south. Both retain a deep frieze of Late Jacobean character, not unlike that in the "gilt room" at Holland House and of the period of the Vavasor or Holderness occupation. The inventory tells us that the Yellow Satin Room was hung with six pieces of tapestry representing the story of Vulcan, that the bed was hung with yellow satin, and that the tables were of ebony and silver. Bed and tapestry are gone, but an ebony and silver table appears in

the illustration. The room over the chapel was also known as the State Bedchamber and likewise was hung with tapestry. The bed was hung with green and gold damask fringed with scarlet, and the rest of the furniture was of lacquer.

Through the most important of the landing doorways the Great Dining-room was entered. Its ceiling and its later transformation into the upper part of the hall have already been mentioned. In 1679 it had eight cedar wood tables, probably of the twisted gate-leg type which prevailed under Charles II, when the fashion of several small tables for a large company to dine at prevailed. Seven pieces of Mortlake tapestry were on the walls, and also "Both their Graces in one Picture wth a guilt Frame," as the inventory describes Lely's portrait of the Duke and Duchess which still hangs there, occupying the centre of the end wall, just as the lady, with her first husband, Sir

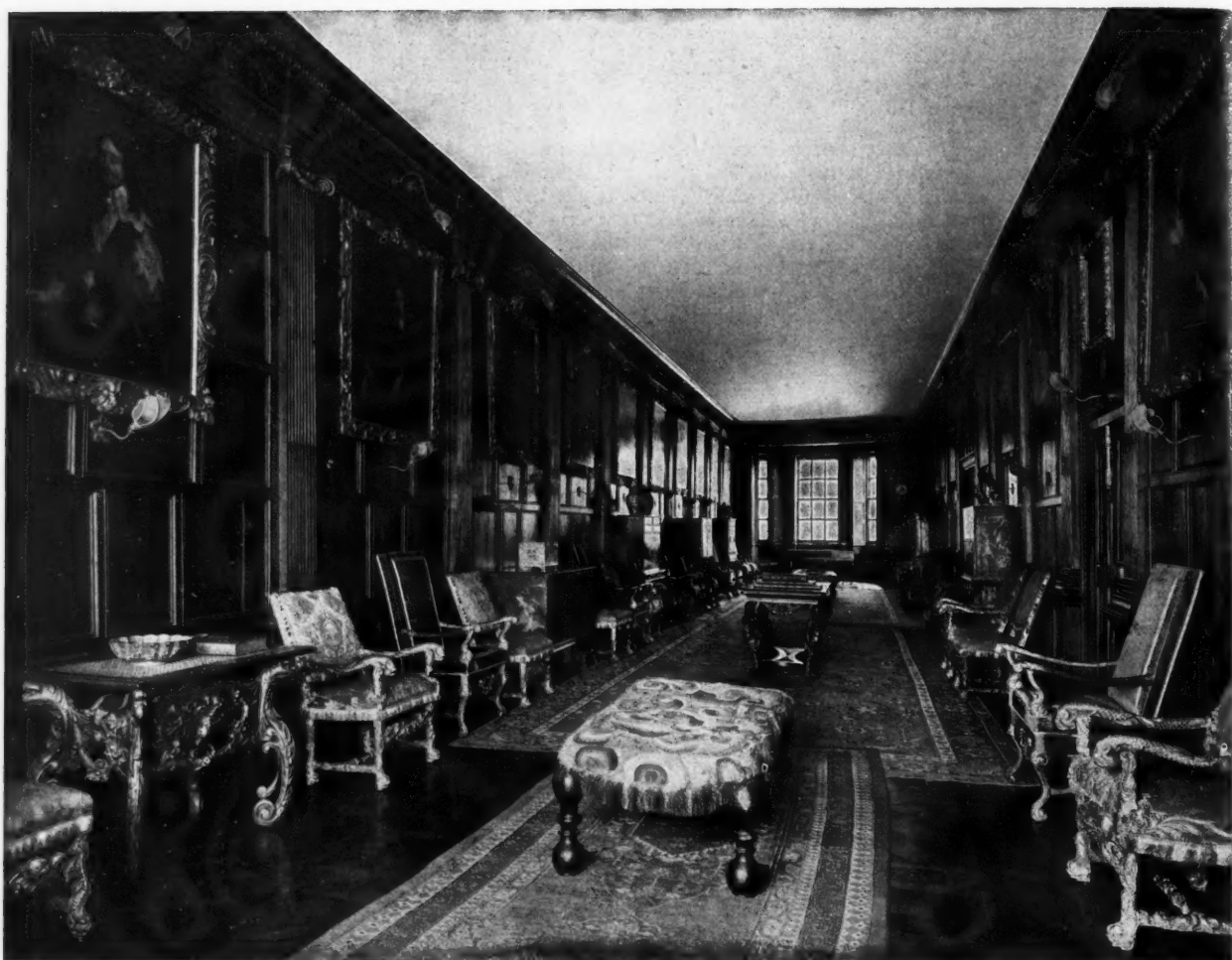


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7.—THE BLUE DRAWING-ROOM.
The Green Drawing-room of the 1679 inventory.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

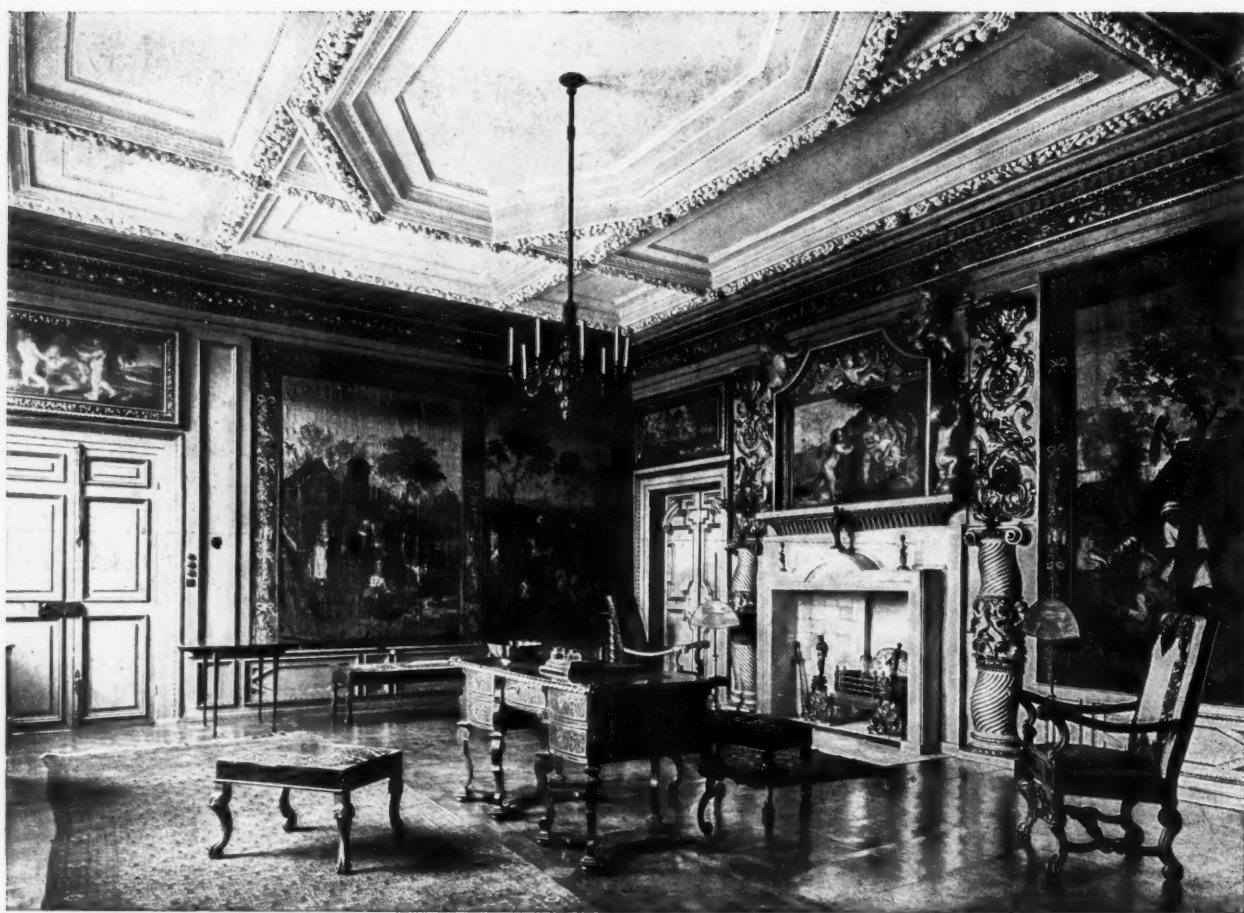
Lionel, and her sister, by Mytens, now hangs in the centre of the side wall. The North Drawing-room (Fig. 9), reached through the Great Dining-room, has the appearance of having been ceiled and wainscoted before the Lauderdale alterations, but the very florid ornamentation of the chimneypiece may well have been added then by Italian craftsmen. The Mortlake tapestries from the Raphael Cartoons, which used to hang here, have been replaced by a set intended for a higher and differently disposed room, so that they have been considerably cut and pieced. At the top of the border, under a baron's coronet, are the arms of Petty impaling Boyle, so that they will have been woven for Sir William Petty's younger son, Henry, who married Anne Boyle and was created Baron Shelburne in 1699 and Earl in 1719, and as the coronet above the arms is that of the earlier



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8.—THE LONG GALLERY.

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9.—THE NORTH DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

title, the tapestries will be of Queen Anne's time. His arms occupy the same position as those of Lord Tyrconnel in the Belton tapestries, which were woven at Stamford. The Shelburne set may also be of English make, pictures by Teniers forming the basis of the designs. The four seasons are represented. The winter hunting; the spring sowing; the summer harvesting; and the autumn wine making appear among other pastoral pursuits. Off this room and over the west loggia lay "Ye Pickture Closett" (Figs. 2 and 3), which, although only some 11ft. by 15ft., was very richly treated and is little altered in its get-up and furnishing. "Greene Damaske Hangings wth Greene Silke Fringe" are on the walls, and if there are later miniatures, there are also many of the "Picktures wth guilt Frames" and "Picktures wth Blak Ebony Frames" that were there in 1679. The enrichment of doors and dado is florid, like that of the North Drawing-room chimney-piece, and no doubt from the same source. Verrio himself or some other Italian will be responsible for the very lively and pleasantly toned scenes of playing boys that stretch round the walls as a deep cove, and of more celestial beings that float on the ceiling circle.

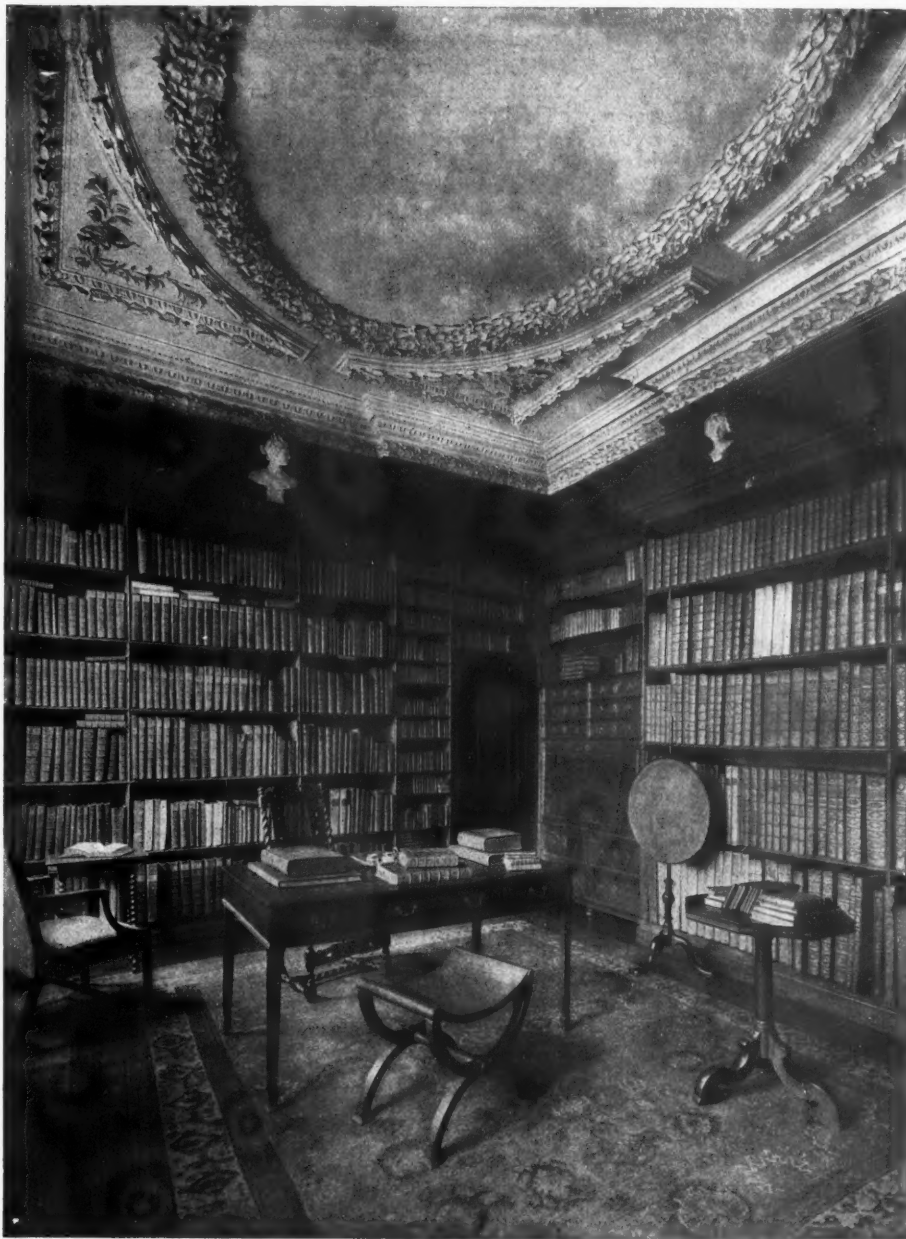
Another of the North Drawing-room doorways leads to "Ye Matted Gallery" (Fig. 8), which runs the 70ft. length of Vavasor's west wing, with an addition of 10ft. from the later bay windows. In his time, no doubt, it was mainly lit by a row of windows in the western wall, and, as only half of this was built up against by the Lauderdale's, better lighting could have been obtained by retaining those in the northern half. Symmetry and a desire to multiply the panelled spaces between pilasters for the reception of family and other portraits led to a like treatment of the west and east walls, and the "Two and Twenty Picktures wth Carv'd Guilt Frames" were duly hung and there remain. The subject and the painter were of no interest to the inventory maker, but the character of the framing is never omitted, the frames being often nearly as important and costly to the owners as the paintings themselves. Those in the Ham gallery are all of a set, having the scrollwork carving (starting at top and bottom from a grotesque mask) which we find in many other collections of late seventeenth century date. The bills for them, dating from 1672 to 1675, survive, the cost being 70s. each. The Duchess, her husbands and children, her father and sister are there, but also others not of her family. The first portrait on the left of the illustration is a Van Dyck of Charles I, while the next one—a curious association—is the same artist's presentment of Sir Harry Vane, the stern Republican who had to do with the removal of Charles's head, and in return had his own removed by Charles's son in 1662. More precious, perhaps, because rarer than the pictures, are the long rows of chairs, tables and cabinets which, together with other cognate pieces in other rooms, compose about the fullest, finest and most varied surviving collection of Charles II furniture remaining in its original habitat and condition. They will engage our special attention.

The new building west of the south end of the gallery contains, besides a staircase, a library (Fig. 10), approached

through a narrow ante-room. The library itself is only some 19ft. by 17ft., but was called by Dibdin "a very wonderful book paradise." The dozen Caxtons, the various Wynkyn de Wordes and other rarities were added by the fourth Earl of Dysart. Yet we know that it was sufficiently well stocked by the Duke of Lauderdale to be relished by book lovers in his day. Roger North tells how his brothers—Francis, the future Lord Keeper, and John, the future Master of Trinity, Cambridge—knew it well:

The Duke himself being also learned, having a choice library, took great pleasure in Mr. North's company and in hearing him talk of languages and criticism. And these brothers were not seldom entertained at the great house at Ham and had the freedom of the gardens and library.

The library, being in the new building, has a ceiling characteristic of the date. The massive ribs, arranged as structural beams



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10—THE LIBRARY.

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which we found to the north, are abandoned. A central oval wreath is set directly on the ceiling surface, and the spandrels have small ribbings framing sprays. The whole of the leaf and flower work is still built up bit by bit with wired fragments, as at Eltham, and not modelled and cast in sections in the full Wren manner, as at Belton. "Ye Greene Drawing-roome" of the 1679 inventory (Fig. 7), occupying the west end of the building inserted within the Vavasor wings, has a ceiling that is almost a replica of the one in the library. Plan and motifs are the same, including the plaster frieze of bay leaves and marguerites above the wooden architrave mouldings. There is wood panelling about the chimney-piece and doorways enriched with carved

swags and drops and enframing pictures, described in the inventory as "fixed landscapes." The rest of the wall space is now hung with strips of old blue velvet, embroidered with metal thread framing panels of cream damask and edged with a tufty fringe. It replaces the green velvet and "cloth of Tissue" of 1679, when there were also alternative sets of curtains, one having

panels of blue velvet embroidered with gold, which reads as if it might be the velvet now used on the walls and giving the present name of the Blue Drawing-room. Behind this room is a little winding stairway and lobby, so that it does not take up the full depth of the new building as does the larger centre room, which will be described next week.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

HAM HOUSE FURNITURE

OF THE CHARLES II PERIOD.

IF, as the surviving accounts indicate, the structural alterations at Ham occupied the years 1672 to 1675, the decoration and furnishing would continue for some time longer, and hence the inventory was not taken till 1679. The Lauderdale's were especially lavish in all sorts of woven stuffs, for not only were they of costly materials—gold tissues, velvets, brocades, damasks, edged with splendid fringes of silk, silver and gold, but every bed, window and even walls had alternative sets. The furniture also was profuse for the period, for, though the days were past when a table, a couple of chests and a few benches and stools were as much as might be found even in important rooms, yet good furniture was scarce and the price

large in proportion to the high value of money and the small amount of cash received in rents and other dues. The Lauderdale's had no great inherited wealth and, though they were awake to all opportunities of increasing their means, their desire to be at the top in social as well as political life must have been some strain on their resources and made the acquisition of the contents of Ham a matter of years. There was a great advance in the number and variety of chairs after the Restoration, as also of couches, benches and stools. All sorts are still at Ham. There is the straight-legged walnut type (Fig. 7), of which some of the finest, described as "Arm'd Chayres wth Carv'd Frames of Walnut Tree," were in the gallery. That, however, is now

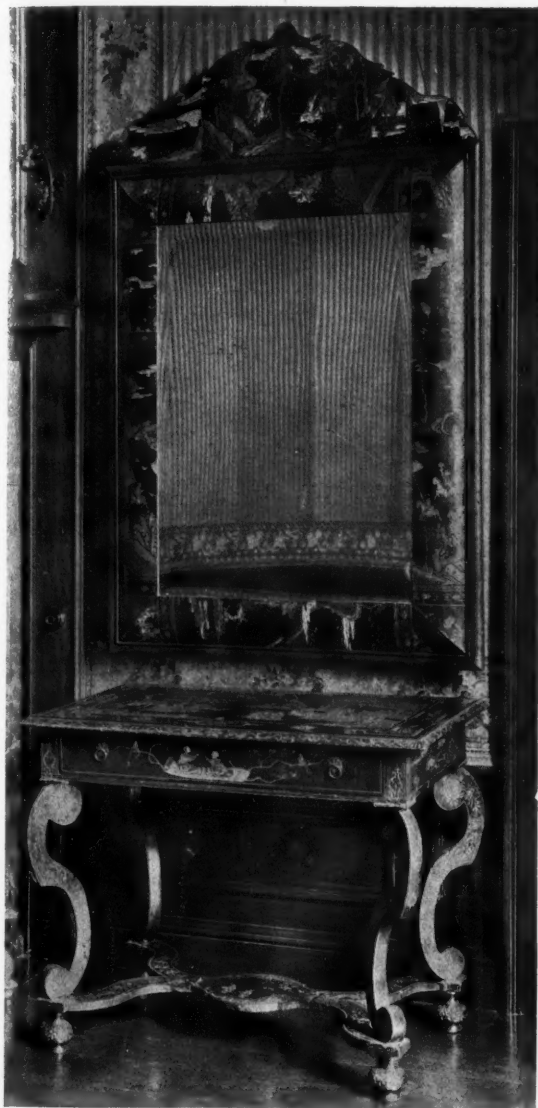


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1.—CUT LACQUER CABINET ON GILT STAND WITH SCROLLED LEGS.

"C.L."

the depository for many of the more sumptuous ones of white wood gilt, whole sets of which were obtained. The most interesting of these has dolphins fancifully carved on arms, legs and stretchers (Fig. 10). It consists of a dozen chairs, half of them with arms. They have never been regilt, and several retain their original covering of crimson silk with embroidered pattern in pink and yellow, the fringe being to match. Fanciful also in their well carved sea horses for feet are the two "sleeping chairs" (Fig. 8), with ratchets to let down the back at any angle, now in the alcove of the Queen's closet. They are covered in crimson and gold, and one of them is, no doubt, that in the Duke's study in 1679 and described as a "Sleeping Chayer cover'd with Crimson Velvett wth Crimson and Gould Fring." Another set of gilt furniture is of the X form, this being doubled in the case of the couch. The set has the appearance of being later than



2.—CUT LACQUER MIRROR AND TABLE.

the 1679 inventory. Not so the long benches in the Picture Closet, with canework top (on which lies a thick cushion) and scrolled legs with human bust, for, though the flat curved stretcher flourished in its most ambitious form under William III, it was used in France under Louis XIII, and so would be known, if not generally used, by Charles II designers. Certainly it is present in furniture which belonged to the Duchess, such as the set of lacquer chairs (Figs. 5 and 6), which have her own cypher of E. D. L. and not the combined J. E. L. for John and Elizabeth Lauderdale which we find elsewhere. These chairs were probably in her sitting-room, where we hear of "five chayres of Japan." They are now in the Queen's and Picture Closets, and, in the latter, are associated with little lacquer cabinets having stands with the same legs as the benches in the same room. The inventory



3.—WALNUT WRITING CABINET OR "SCRIPTOR."

The stand with twisted legs and acanthus carving.



4.—ANOTHER "SCRIPTOR" OF VERY SIMILAR DESIGN.



5.—LACQUER CHAIR WITH DUCHESS OF LAUDERDALE'S CYPHER.



7.—WALNUT CHAIR.

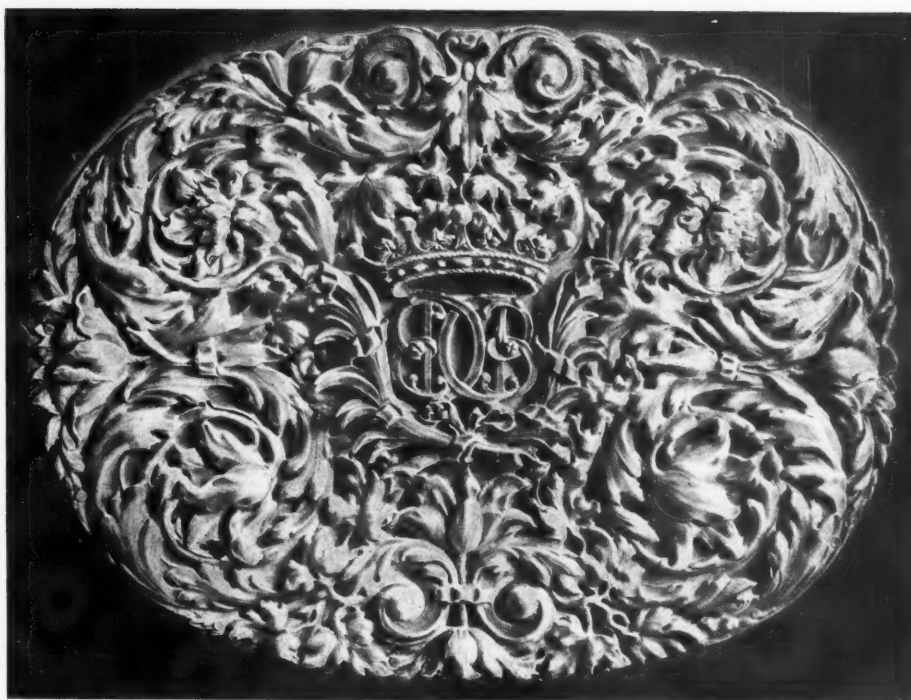


6.—BACK OF LACQUER CHAIR.



8.—SLEEPING CHAIR, THE BACK LETTING DOWN.
The feet carved as sea-horses. Described in 1679 as "cover'd with Crimson Velvett with Crimson and Gould Fring."

describes the State Bedchamber as containing lacquered furniture, and mentions, in the ground floor withdrawing-room, Japan mirror and table. These are probably the ones (Fig. 2) now in the Yellow Satin Chamber, where they are balanced by a marqueterie mirror and table. The lacquer table has scroll legs and bun feet, between which lies the flat stretcher. The lacquer is incised, but European, whereas the frame of the looking-glass is evidently constructed of Japanese cut lacquer panels, cut and fitted for their new purpose, as was then usual. Another example of cut lacquer is a cabinet (Fig. 1) in the gallery, where also is another of black and gold raised lacquer, which is probably the "Indian Cabinet with a Gilt Frame Carv'd" of the inventory. This stand has the human busts on scrolled legs that the Lauderdale's affected so much, for they appear also in several tables. Two—now in the gallery and Queen's Chamber—are of walnut and will be the side tables of walnut wood, so esteemed as to have covers of crimson silk, that stood in the Great Dining-room. Two others are still, as mentioned in the inventory, in the Picture Closet and the Yellow Satin Chamber. The stands (Fig. 11) are a smaller and slightly varied edition of the other pair, and are also of walnut. But the tops are of ebony, enriched with plaques of embossed openwork silver (Fig. 9), having the cypher E. D. under an earl's coronet, although the work does not give the impression of being earlier than the Countess's marriage with the Duke. In both these pairs of tables the modelling of the human figure is unusually good for the period. They are the work not of a mere woodcarver, but of a sculptor. Inclination towards the newer scroll form of leg which occurs in tables and stands, with other motifs than the human bust, did not prevent the Duke and Duchess using the straight leg for some of their most intimate furniture. Such are the stands of two cabinets with flat front and interior fitment for ledgers and papers. They appear as "Scriptors" in the inventory, one being in the Duchess's dressing-room, the other belonging to the Duke, who also had another of prince wood, which is now in the gallery and still contains his papers from which are derived the details from the Court Rolls and building accounts that have been quoted. The two illustrated (Figs. 3 and 4) are of walnut, the plain surfaces being veneered in specially selected wood, probably



9.—EMBOSSED SILVER PLAQUE.

Having the initials of Lady Dysart, afterwards Duchess of Lauderdale, and being the centre ornament of the table Fig. 11.



10.—GILT CHAIR, THE FRAME WHOLLY CARVED WITH DOLPHINS. Original covering of crimson silk embroidered in pink and yellow. One of set of twelve.



11.—EBONY TABLE.

Table with ebony top, enriched with silver plaques. The stand has scrolled legs ending in lion paws but having female busts above. One of a pair.



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12.—A GILT TABLE.

The scrolled legs end in eagle heads. The top in cane work.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

laburnum, forming "oyster-shell" patterning framed or divided with bands of darker wood. The stands are almost identical and are richly treated examples of a twist rising out of a vase-shaped base, and, in the upper of the two stands, topped with a similar motif. The bun feet of this example are similar in form to those of the lacquer table (Fig. 2), but do not look as if designed for the richer treatment of these stands, the acanthus scroll feet of the lower example being so apt and convincing as to make it certain that this was the original finish in both cases. The recurrence of the flat stretcher, already noticed in chairs and tables, shows that, with the furniture makers favoured by the Lauderdale, it was a favourite form fully a decade before Charles II's death.

On the other hand, the broad, vertical, highly carved front stretcher which we are wont to consider typical during the whole of his reign is found in various chairs, such as the walnut set (Fig. 7) already mentioned. The same treatment, but on a still larger and richer scale, was also adopted for the adequate framing of certain of the stands where base stretchers were dispensed with. Such is the stand of the cut lacquer cabinet (Fig. 1) where the legs are highly carved scrolls bending over at the top in the form of a bird's head, which is more manifest in the stand of a table (Fig. 12), where the legs end in a distinct eagle head, and an eagle is the central object of the deep high placed stretcher.

On a French Lacquered Commode at Penshurst.

THE earliest records of imported Oriental lacquer furniture into France were about 1610. Many references occur towards the middle of the century, and mention is made in the "Memoirs of Mlle. de Montpensier" that in 1658 Cardinal Mazarin held a small lottery at his palace in Paris, when several Oriental lacquer cabinets were offered as prizes.

The enthusiasm for Chinese and Japanese lacquer that obtained so great a hold upon the collectors of the seventeenth century quickly induced the French to compete with other European nations in developing this industry, in which the French craftsman eventually excelled. Their productions in this school of decoration possessing a higher degree of finish, obtained far higher prices than the somewhat crude



I.—COMMUNE LACQUERED WITH BRANCHES OF PEONY BLOSSOM AND BIRDS IN COLOUR ON A BLACK GROUND.

French. Circa 1750. Property of Lord De Lisle and Dudley.

efforts of the other countries. Much of the elaborate surface painting was accompanied by metal mountings of the finest quality and workmanship, so that we find "A Lacquer Commode with Italian marble top, and pagodas with ormolu mountings" sold in 1755 to the Maréchal de Richelieu for 2,400 livres, a citizen financier of Paris at the same date paying 2,700 livres for a "lac commode in black and gold much ornamented with bronze gilt mountings," while the patronage of Mme. de Pompadour and her friends alone could have maintained the whole of the "Laquage" installed in the Gobelins workshops; for this king's favourite is known at one time to have possessed lacquered furniture to the value of 111,945 livres, an enormous sum to

have expended on one class of furniture in those days. The ornamentation on French lacquer is remarkable for the direct skill of its draughtsmanship and the introduction of beautiful coloured flowers and foliage; the brilliant surface of the lacquer ground is mostly black, and, except in early specimens, the painting is invariably flat and not raised. The beautiful example from Penshurst given here has — which is usual in this type — brilliantly coloured birds, flowers and leaves outlined with a bright gold line drawn with surprising accuracy, the



2.—CORNER COMMODE, LACQUERED WITH BRANCHES OF POMEGRANATE IN FRUIT AND FLOWER AND BIRDS IN COLOUR ON A BLACK GROUND.

French. Circa 1750. Property of Mrs. Percy Macquoid.

composition of these boughs of blossom distinctly resembles Japanese design of the eighteenth century as opposed to the rather stiffer Chinese treatment of contemporary wall papers that were being manufactured for the European market. The *fleur de pêche* marble top and *bombé* front, in conjunction with the admirable ormolu framings, unfortunately missing on one front leg, correspond with the well known parqueterie and marqueterie commodes of 1750. The front opens in two drawers with tortuous handles and a pendant that carries out the sentiment of "Chinoiserie" pervading the piece. Such commodes are extremely rare to find in this country, though there are many amongst the furniture in the fine French houses.

The small corner commode is another example of this large-flowered and exceedingly decorative French lacquer, where the centre panel is occupied with boughs of pomegranates in fruit and flower amid which strange birds and a butterfly disport themselves, at the top and bottom lie panels of the usual Oriental landscapes in gold, the whole being painted with the peculiar flat surface found on the Penshurst commode. The legs are short and cabriole and evidently have lost their ormolu fittings.

P. M.

FREE-THINKERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

Free-Thinkers of the Nineteenth Century, by Janet E. Courtney, O.B.E. (Chapman and Hall.)

THIS book does not pretend to be a grave historical treatise. The history of free thought in the nineteenth century has already been written by another hand. Mrs. Courtney has only selected from the number of those who have influenced her a few typical names to show how thought was changing. "Free-thought" is a word that needs definition. It cannot be taken exactly at its face value. What intelligent man or woman could confess to be anything but a free-thinker in the simple obvious sense of the word? But the term has come to be employed with special regard to those who have broken away from the Christian religion. That, in truth, is the only bond that we can see between the different biographical subjects in this volume. Except for it the coupling of Matthew Arnold and Charles Bradlaugh would be grotesque. Arnold's free-thought was a result of high culture. Specifically the influence to which he most

yielded was that of Goethe, who was the most highly civilised pagan of modern times. He could not free himself from Christianity because he had never been bound to it. He looked at it very much in the same way as he regarded many of the beautiful religions of Greece. Mithras was probably as interesting a figure to him as Christ. It was different with Matthew Arnold. His father, the great Dr. Rugby, celebrated by Tom Hughes, was certainly unconventional and independent in his thought and judgments, but, nevertheless, was a sincere Christian according to the fashion of his own time. For be it noted, Christianity has stood for many different things in as many different ages. That of St. Francis differed from that of Ignatius Loyola as much as, say, Archbishop Lang differs from his famous predecessor in the See of York, Archbishop Scrope.

The man who really loosened religious conviction was one who paid least attention to it, Charles Darwin. He was so immersed in his scientific work that he did not stop to draw the logical deductions from his premises and he conformed

to the usages of the Church without giving them very deep attention. It was otherwise with Carlyle, who had been brought up in the strictness of Scottish Presbyterianism, and he broke away from it, not owing to any discovery which threw doubt on the Mosaic story of the Creation or the authenticity of the four Gospels, but through his own philosophical study. He was a very free-thinker in one sense, and yet no Atheist or anything approaching thereto. The truth was that orthodox belief was sapped and mined in the nineteenth century from many different angles. In the first two or three decades of that period doctrines were held with strict conventionality. Then a myriad minds began to work and the British instinct for freedom asserted itself. Intolerance was at its height in the twenties of last century, and now toleration has broadened out into laxity. It would be easy to take several sets of eminent men who did almost as much as those dealt with here. Mrs. Courtney's merit is that she has chosen extremely interesting people from whom to draw her inferences. She places Frederick Denison Maurice in the van, but he did not influence thought nearly so much as Arnold chiefly because Arnold was a man not only of acute intellect but of great imagination. Already in 1867, in his famous "Dover Beach," he could mourn the decay of religion in language as beautiful as this:

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

It was the poetic part of him and the scholar's sympathy with the old religion that made him doubt so lovingly that no one could feel hurt, and many were attracted to his view of the decay of faith. Bradlaugh was quite different. The son of a solicitor's clerk and a nurserymaid he received no education to speak of and, in addition, he was one of those coarse-fibred, strong-minded individuals who attract attention by the force and emphasis with which they deny or protest. He had little or no influence over the Tennysons and Arnolds of his time, but gave voice to the rebellious feelings of the proletariat. It was inspiring in a way to hear a roomful of working men dot the "i's" and cross the "t's" when Bradlaugh was setting forth the contradictions, and what he thought the absurdities of the Pentateuch.

Thomas Henry Huxley was altogether different. He was one of the learned scientific men of his day, and in early life he came in contact with the great apostle of evolution. Now Charles Darwin lived quite apart from the clamour aroused by his writings. It was not at all his nature to take part in active controversy. Huxley was the very opposite. He went into an argument like a war horse that feels the scent of battle, and the weapons he wielded were sharp and strong. He not only knew what science had discovered, but was able to draw inferences and show the inevitable conclusions. Of his many triumphs the greatest were achieved over Gladstone and the battle in which he routed the clerically minded leader of Liberalism was that over the Gaderene swine. Huxley was the interpreter of the new science to his generation. It is, of course, true that not even he saw the end of the argument, and much that was accepted by the Victorians is questioned or carried further and in a different direction now. But since the time of Huxley there has been no such royal battle between Orthodoxy and Free-Thought as took place on the pages of the *Nineteenth Century* in the last few decades.

Mrs. Courtney's essays are more than a history of thought. They are charming portrait studies of some of the most eminent of the Victorians. In regard to several, she crosses a lance, not unsuccessfully, with Mr. Lytton Strachey, and is able to show the fine earnestness of the great men of that age. Hers is a book eminently well worth reading.

The English Rock Garden, by Reginald Farrer. (T. C. and E. C. Jack, Limited. In two volumes, 3 guineas.)

MR. REGINALD FARRER'S long-looked-for book was written in 1913 and corrected for press while the author was on a plant hunting expedition in China. The exigencies of war delayed its appearance. It is a book of reference for the rock-gardener that will serve for some years to keep him safe in mazes of catalogues and abreast of the names of alpine treasures. The author is well known as a writer of gardening books, but of *The English Rock Garden* he says: "Of all my garden books this one will chiefly be my constant companion, guide and solace. To me at least it is already a dictionary of real succour. It contains at least a thousand times as much knowledge as I myself possess, or can ever hope to attain." Mr. Farrer, as usual, does not refrain from criticising the work of others, and in the introduction, which is, perhaps, the least important part of this work, he tells us that the "English Flower Garden" has long been crying for an *English Rock Garden* to supplement the errors and partialities which afflict the occasional alpines that have to take their chance in its

pages among the vast masses of general herbaceous "stuff" with which it deals. With regard to "common" names for plants, his views are not obscure. "It is," he says, "perfectly absurd to pretend that there can be a common English name for alpine species that are neither English nor common." In this respect Mr. Farrer will have the support of most of the present day rock garden enthusiasts. The coining of "common" names for plants that have never possessed them has been carried too far. It does not even follow with plants that are natives of England that they would have English names. Thus so illustrious a native as *Gentiana verna* has no label of its own in our language. "What," says the author, "could possibly be easier or more beautiful than 'Campanula'?" What affectation more gratuitous and silly than 'Bell-flower'?" The craze, it is pointed out by the author, reached its wildest height, in the unnecessary attempt to replace the simple, apt and balanced syllables of "Saxifrage" (a good English name into the bargain) by the regrettable brummagem mediocrity of "Rockfool." Such has been the work of name-coiners. Now, it may be taken that so far as it goes this book does mark a real and arduous stage in the progress towards correctness of name, without which our widening gardens may become even more and more a welter of confusion. Mr. Reginald Farrer is an acknowledged authority on alpine. He has studied them in their natural habitats, in the European Alps, and in the Far East. His observations on the collecting of plants are particularly interesting to those favoured few who travel in alpine countries and wish to bring home for their own gardens some of the flower treasures that fascinate them as seen growing in their alpine homes. The illustrations are good and well designed. The arrangement, in alphabetical order, of the genera makes reference an easy matter. The two volumes may be said to include almost complete monographs of important genera, such as dianthus, primula and saxifrage. Other genera are dismissed briefly, thus: "Egopodium Podagraria is more coarsely known as the Goutweed, and, if a friend should dare offer you the variegated form, regard him for ever afterwards with suspicion." We are somewhat surprised that this genera is even mentioned; to many this plant is known as Bishop's weed; and it is certainly one of the most troublesome of all garden weeds when once established. Some of the descriptions are, indeed, graphic. Speaking of *Gentiana ornata*, the author continues: "Yet more superb is *Gentiana Farreri*, which sends out many flopping slender shoots from the stock, clad in very narrow foliage, and ending each in a single huge upturned trumpet, wide-mouthed and of an indescribably fierce luminous Cambridge blue within (with a clear white throat), while, without, long vandykes of periwinkle purple alternate with swelling panels of nankeen, outlined in violet and with a violet median line. As you see G. Farreri coming into bloom in mid-September in all the high-alpine sward of the Da-Tung chain (Northern Kansu-Tibet), it is by far the most astoundingly beautiful of its race, reducing G. verna and G. gentianella to the dimmest acolytes." The author is to be congratulated on this work. He has dived headlong into the deep ocean of original authority in search of true descriptions and as the result of his careful studies and experience he has come now to land with a huge cargo of authentic information.

Falling Waters, by Winifred Graham. (Hutchinson, 6s. 9d.)

THOSE who have their doubts of platonic love will not find them set at rest by *Falling Waters*, and those who believe in it will find their belief more shaken by this defence than by any deliberate attack. For, in the character of Sir Vaughan Viper, a platonic friendship shows itself not only as unconvincing as his name, but fatally dull. "Can he have anything to teach?" one of the heroines is asking herself before the end of the first chapter. He can, indeed—although "preach" were a better word—and he proves it through three hundred and nineteen pages. What he preaches is sound enough, and is garnished with selections from the best authors; the book is written with sincerity and has what the Americans call "an uplift"; but all this only makes its total lack both of distinction and humour the more lamentably conspicuous. Sir Vaughan, for instance, is the eighth and only surviving member of his family, so none of us would have grudged him the guardian-angelship of one of his dead brothers or sisters; but, when it comes to his holding spirit converse with all seven, who could resist inclinations towards yet another parody of the most-parodied poem in the English language? Sir Vaughan preaches confidently to his much-enduring friend, the wife of a Cabinet Minister, for half the book, and then falls suddenly—but still, alas, very wordily—in love with that friend's schoolgirl daughter. We are thankful when the poor child develops the instinct of self-preservation to the point of marrying her young sailor lover and shaking off a man who is capable, at his worst moments, of "crooning" things like this—"As the sun-irradiated flappings of sea-gulls' wings, so pulsates the fulness of my riches." The fact is, the author attempts in this book what is beyond her; when writing of the modern "flapper," the Society "cat" and the Jewish *parvenu*, she is on much surer ground—although even here she might well rid her style of such blemishes as the frequent elision of the word "that"—"treasured the hope life at Moonbury would be always like this," "made the excuse she had letters to write." And no slang that might issue from the lips of a Cabinet Minister's daughter could surprise us as much as her use of the vulgarity, "he wasn't best pleased."

The Plough, by Mary Fulton. (Duckworth, 7s.)

MANY of us whose concern was with fiction began to ponder, during the war, the possibility of departing from the old formula of wedding bells in the last chapter in books designed for a generation for so many of whom in real life they would never ring. Miss Mary Fulton has not quite gone as far as this; wedding bells do ring for her heroine, Patricia Querin, but they ring in an early chapter, and it is with her widowed life that the story is chiefly concerned. Patricia becomes a land worker, and finds such healing in toil on the good earth that for a time she will not leave it even to be with her little son, though in the end it is in his future that she finds her own. *The Plough* is better written than the majority of modern novels; it contains the portraits of several people astonishingly well drawn and some scenes presented to the reader with an extraordinary conviction of reality. A certain vagueness, as though the central idea was not infrequently forgotten, and a tendency to exalt Patricia in a fashion that does not help our acceptance of her, and an occasional failure of sense of proportion, as in the conversation of the child at three years of age, are only minor blemishes when promise of the pen comes to be considered.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE DEEPDENE AS AN HOTEL

THE course of events in the property market in the last few years has accustomed the public to almost anything in the matter of dealings with landed estates. Historic associations, even personal and family ties of a fairly intimate character, seem to exercise no restraining influence on the owners of notable properties, and, one after the other, these pass into the hands of new proprietors, and sometimes also for new uses.

The sale of The Deepdene for conversion into a hotel will be completed in a few days, subject to the sanction of the Chancery Division. Lord Francis Pelham Clinton Hope, the vendor, is tenant for life, and therefore the consent of the Court has to be obtained, but it is a mere formality in this case, and the purchasers, Lansdowne, Limited, are hoping to get early possession of the mansion and some of the surrounding land, and to begin business at their new "residential hotel" in time for the summer rush. It has been remarked that the conversion of stately homes into hotels will afford the ordinary public an opportunity of tasting the sweets of residence in our great ancestral seats. There is a certain amount of truth in the observation—how much depends partly upon the method in which the mansions are converted to public purposes. Probably not one in a hundred of all who will patronise the new hotel and its type will care a brass farthing about its historical associations. Americans will, of course, and if they know that a stay in The Deepdene Hotel is included in the arrangements for their itinerary, they will doubtless study those writers who have alluded to it. Speaking of The Deepdene, Aubrey, who seems at first to have thought that the house was "not made for grandeur but for retirement, neat and elegant," afterwards, in the twenty years following 1672, came to regard The Deepdene as "an epitome of Paradise. The Garden of Eden seems well imitated here. The pleasures of the garden were so ravishing that I can never expect any enjoyment beyond it but in the Kingdom of Heaven." The gardens of The Deepdene were designed in the reign of Charles II by Thomas Howard, a great gardener and friend of John Evelyn.

"Coningsby" was "conceived and partly executed amid the glades and the galleries of The Deepdene," according to the novelist's own prefatory note. Disraeli was glad of the friendship of Henry Hope, son of the Thomas Hope to whom the present state of the mansion may be attributed, for he made large additions to it. The tenants of The Deepdene have included the late Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, and the late Lord William Beresford, V.C.

The sale will, of course, revivify the stories of the princely collection of pictures which Thomas Hope made at The Deepdene, and the legend of the ill luck of the Hope blue diamond. The site of The Deepdene is ideal, in a warm, well sheltered vale on the outskirts of Dorking, and yet so elevated as to command a magnificent stretch of scenery across the Wealden country. The gardens are remarkable in many ways, but most of all for their rhododendrons and azaleas. The sale has been carried out by Messrs. Humbert and Flint, and includes the mansion and park of 200 acres.

WINGERWORTH: DATE OF SALE.

MESSRS. JOHN D. WOOD AND CO. have privately sold the Moreton Hall estate, near Congleton, comprising the castellated mansion and approximately 1,200 acres. They have also disposed of Hartridge House, Kent, a replica of a Georgian residence, with 345 acres, and Lunsford House, Bexhill-on-Sea, since the recent auctions.

A total realisation of roundly £50,000 was obtained in the auction room, at the firm's sale of the Tacolneston estate, at Norwich. Only one farm and a few cottages failed to change hands under the hammer, with the exception also of Tacolneston Hall and 117 acres, but for the last-named there are many enquiries and a private sale may be confidently looked for in the immediate future.

Messrs. John D. Wood and Co's forthcoming auctions include 2,600 acres of the Trelleck Grange estate, between Newport and Monmouth, and the Hale Park estate, between 2,000 acres and 3,000 acres, near Salisbury. The date of the Wingerworth sale

at Chesterfield has been provisionally fixed for the week commencing May 10th. On that occasion the firm will offer some 5,500 acres, belonging to Major Philip Hunloke. It lies along the main road from Sheffield to Derby, and the Early Georgian house, Wingerworth Hall, with its exquisitely timbered park and the Chesterfield golf links, are also comprised among the lots.

OTTERBURN HALL.

MAJOR MORRISON BELL, M.P., has decided to sell the Otterburn Hall estate, Northumberland, and has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer it for sale by auction in the early summer of this year. The property is over 6,000 acres in extent, and includes a mansion house in the Gothic style, and the well known grouse moors. The Battle of Otterburn, or "Chevy Chase," was fought on this estate in 1388.

NEWBIGIN AND HUNSTANWORTH.

MR. EDWARD JOICEY has decided to sell the Newbigin and Hunstanworth estates in Northumberland and Durham. The property is about 5,000 acres in extent and includes the famous grouse moor. The mansion, Newbigin Hall, several farms, and the lease of adjoining moors are included.

KNEPP CASTLE.

SIR MERRIK R. BURRELL has decided to sell by auction this season outlying portions of the Knepp Castle estate, and has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to act in conjunction with Messrs. R. H. and R. W. Clutton. The properties comprise farms, woodlands and small holdings near Horsham; Wicks Farm and woodlands near Hassocks; and two important holdings, Hamsey Place Farm and Stoneham Farm, near Lewes: the total area being about 2,500 acres.

Mr. J. W. Nevall has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer by auction in May, Forest Hall estate, Ongar, extending to 2,000 acres, including the mansion house, eight farms, small holdings and building sites.

THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S LAND.

AN average realisation of nearly £30,000 a day was effected at the five days' auction at Bakewell by Messrs. Thurgood and Martin, on behalf of the Duke of Rutland. This, added to the amount of the private negotiations and the sum obtained under the hammer at the Chesterfield auction, with which Messrs. Thurgood and Martin's series opened, brings the grand total to £365,000 approximately. It is still too early to talk about aggregates, for there remain various urban portions of the ducal estates to be disposed of.

It may be mentioned that the Arbor Low stones were withdrawn at auction, the offers for the entire holding on which the prehistoric circle stands leaving off well below £2,000. The monument is in the guardianship of the State, under the Ancient Monuments Protection Act, and presumably a buyer's rights over it would be very restricted.

LORD ALDENHAM'S AUCTION.

LORD ALDENHAM intends to dispose of Burston Lodge, his estate of about 400 acres on the main road from St. Albans to Watford. The matter has been put into the hands of Messrs. Humbert and Flint, who have just effected the sale of another property on the northern fringe of London, namely, Wentworth Park, Finchley, lately withdrawn at auction at £11,000.

DOWLISH MANOR: £64,000.

A TOTAL of £64,253, inclusive of timber, was secured at Messrs. C. R. Morris, Sons and Peard's auction of the Dowlish Manor estate, near Ilminster and Chard, a property of 1,300 acres belonging to Major W. H. Spoke.

OVER AND NETHER COMPTON.

AS much as £100 an acre was realised for some of the pasture land on Colonel Goodden's Over and Nether Compton estates, Dorset, within three miles of both Yeovil and Sherborne. All the twenty-seven lots composing the 1,100 acres changed hands under the hammer of Messrs. Henry Duke and Son, and tenants' purchases materially contributed towards the

making up of the very satisfactory total of £59,300.

Another West Country auction of a successful character was carried out by Messrs. George Nichols, Young, Hunt and Co., at Bath, when glebe lands at Swainswick were disposed of, only one lot being withdrawn.

A QUICK SALE.

MESSRS. NORFOLK AND PRIOR'S sale of Weald House, Burgess Hill, Sussex, was arranged within forty-eight hours of receiving instructions to dispose of it. It was purchased by the first applicant who inspected. This residence is a modern small country house on the South Downs; it commands magnificent views over the Downs. It is lavishly appointed throughout, with finely carved oak skirtings, panelling, doors, etc., and most of the floors are polished oak. The grounds extend to some 6½ acres, and there is a garage for two cars. Gorsedene, Farnham, Surrey, is another very attractive modern country residence, for which they secured a purchaser last week. It stands in a little over 3 acres of grounds, with stabling, garage, etc., and commands fine views over the Frensham Vale. They have also sold No. 34, Lee Terrace, Blackheath, a Victorian residence in some 3½ acres, with stabling.

BRIGHTWELL MANOR SOLD.

MESSRS. HARDING AND HARDING have just disposed of Brightwell Manor House, near Wallingford, an historical and commodious Georgian residence of very attractive appearance, having extensive views over the famous Berkshire Downs. The pasture land here is of considerable value, letting readily at £4 an acre. The same firm have also sold privately Stourpaine House, near Blandford, a fine old-fashioned country residence in the midst of Lord Portman's, the Blackmore Vale. Cattistock and other packs. The residence contains four reception rooms and twelve bed and dressing rooms, and there are 6 acres of land.

DORSET AND HANTS HOUSES.

MESSRS. FOX AND SONS announce sales of the following country properties by private treaty during the last few days: Whincroft, Ferndown, Dorset, with 9 acres; The Bungalow, New Milton, Hants; Delhi, West Moors, Dorset; Rodwell House, Wareham, Dorset, and 7 acres; Ivers, Marnhull, Dorset, with 7 acres; Underwood, Wootton, Isle of Wight, and 8 acres; a cottage and land at Romsey, Hants; Fortuna, New Milton, Hants; 10 acres of land at Christchurch, Hants; The Gables, Ringwood, and Bonnie Cot, New Milton, Hants. The purchase moneys amounted to about £23,000.

Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock of Rugby, acting under instructions from Mr. H. P. Sitwell, offered for sale by public auction The remaining portions of the Leamington Hastings estate, situate between Rugby and Southam. Some few weeks ago several of the farms were sold privately to the tenants at Messrs. Styles and Whitlock's valuation, thus reducing the area which came under the hammer to about 48 acres. There was a crowded attendance in the auction room, and many of the lots were keenly competed for, with the result that, including the portions sold to the tenants, the total realised was £27,835.

HARTLEY COURT ANTIQUES.

AN interesting sale of valuable antiques, comprising the whole of the contents of Hartley Court, near Reading, is announced to take place next month. The owner, Colonel Max de Bathe, well known for his good judgment, spent a number of years in compiling the collection. The catalogue shows the contents of a most varied nature, appealing to all connoisseurs and collectors of antiques. The furniture embraces works by Chippendale and Sheraton and pieces characteristic of the period of Queen Anne, while there are many fine examples of the best Louis periods. There are numerous lots of Brussels pottery and old Dutch Delft, also interesting collections of antique needlework, old glass including many old drinking glasses, and about 100 pieces of old pewter. Among the pictures is an original Morland painting. The auctioneers are Messrs. Nicholas.

ARBITER.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE ARAB IN THE FRENCH HARRAS NATIONAUX.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The admirable article on "The Value of the Arab Horse in Horse-breeding in England" which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of February 28th was peculiarly interesting to me, in that it reached me while I was engaged upon an enquiry into the use of the Arab in the Harras Nationaux of Corsica. Any visitor to the island in former days must have regarded with pity the tiny, rat-like pony of the island, over-weighted, under-fed, struggling under "burthens too heavy to be borne." That it had unexpected powers of endurance in slowly and painfully climbing the precipitous roads of this mountainous land and dashing at a wild gallop down their equally precipitous descents is undeniable, but its value for the agriculturist or for the Army was absolutely nil. Of late years, however, the Government has taken the matter in hand, and, although the Corsican peasant-proprietor is of all conservatives the most conservative, the beneficent results of its vigorous action are already apparent. Both English and Arab blood have been introduced. Courage, gentleness, staying power are the strongest points transmitted by the Arab to his descendants; his feet, also, are good, he is sound in wind and his bone is of fine quality. His small head and beautifully carried tail bear the unmistakable stamp of quality. He is not remarkably fast, however, and I have sometimes wondered whether a judicious admixture of Highland garron blood might not, in this respect, considerably improve the breed. I am particularly struck by the suggestion in the article referred to that perhaps "not quite enough stress has been laid by those interested in the introduction of Eastern blood on the share which the Barb mares had in forming our (English) racehorses," and in the further suggestion that "a cross between our Arabian stallions and picked Barb mares might give us a most valuable strain" inasmuch as the native mares of Corsica are, for the most part, Barbs. The mingling of Arab and Barb blood, as seen here, may add to the pace, which is, of course, the chief desideratum of the racing stable; but for the horse of everyday life—the hunter, the light cavalry horse, the hack—the resulting strain is too light; hence the introduction by the French Government of the English cross. Through the kind courtesy of Captain de Choins, under whose most able management the Harras Nationaux of Corsica have been brought to a remarkable point of efficiency, I was enabled to inspect some of the fine horses and mares of his establishment at Ajaccio. I cannot pretend that I am a thick-and-thin admirer of the Arab—his upright shoulder is a fault obvious to all, and he does not, as a rule, show any great turn of speed; but there is no doubt that he bequeaths to his descendants courage, endurance and soundness of wind—"all good things."—J. M. DODINGTON.

THE GROTTTO BUILDERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The origin of the "Grottos" and of the request, "Please remember the grotto," is to be traced back to the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James at Compostella in Spain, where, tradition says, he is buried. Pilgrims took with them or brought back from the shrine a scallop shell which was the badge of the pilgrim. "Grotto Day" is St. James' Day, July 25th, and for some days before that date children build their little grotto, which ought to have a shell in its composition. I have seen it scores of times in North London.—A. K.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I, too, like your correspondent Isabel Crampton, have wondered about the little ragamuffin children and their flowers and stones disposed upon the pavement under the name of "the grotto." It is, I think, conceivable that these grottos may be descended from the Gardens of Adonis, a full and wonderfully interesting account of which is to be found in the fifth volume of Sir J. G. Frazer's "Golden Bough," chapter X. Adonis was a deity of vegetation, and his gardens were "baskets or pots filled with earth, in which wheat, barley, lettuces, fennel and various kinds of flowers were sown and tended for eight days." The plants grew rapidly, then, having no roots, withered rapidly, and at

the end of eight days were thrown away. The mimicking of the growth of the crops in this way was believed, by means of "imitative magic," to ensure a good harvest. Ceremonies of this kind still take place among European peasants, notably in Bavaria, Sardinia and Sicily, in connection with St. John's Day, the festival of midsummer, St. John having perhaps usurped the position of Adonis. It may be entirely fanciful to trace a connection between these ancient rites and the grubby little boys on the pavement, but the custom is so widespread that it can hardly be due merely to one small genius who devised this means of obtaining "pence in his unwashed palm." I wish your correspondent could recollect if her grotto builders habitually come out about midsummer. I have racked my brain to remember, but in vain.—D.

A LAMB-STORM BLIZZARD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Lamb-storms are always obnoxious, but country folks say they are necessary for the welfare of sheep and lambs, and an extra blizzard at this time of the year is considered good for lambs. But such a one as I remember about the year 1847 in mid-Derbyshire has not of late years been equalled. On a Sunday morning I and my folks set out for church two miles away, uphill. It was then snowing slightly, and my father, casting his eyes aloft, said, with farmer wisdom, that we were "in for it." The usual small crowd of farm folk were at the church door, and all said we were "in for it." The place grew darker as the service went on, and at sermon time our parson said that as it was snowing hard we should sing the Doxology and go home, or perhaps some would hardly get there. On getting out just before noon the snow was falling in "lumps," and our two mile walk was hard going; before we reached our home snow on the level was more than a foot deep. Our front door was blocked up, and a drift was as high as the house windows. Entrance was by the back, and as soon as all were inside, two of the family went to our well for a couple of buckets of water. Going to and from the well 200yds. away took them quite a full hour, and the snow grew deeper every minute. Next morning snow was still falling, and from the upper windows not a hedge or bush was to be seen. All day and during most of the night snow continued to fall, and we were snowed up back and front, and it lay more than 2ft. deep on the levels. By Tuesday morning we were quite cut off, and our Derby butcher was unable to reach us, nor could we get any other supplies. On the second day we managed to cut a way to our well and so got a supply of water, but we had to put up with makeshift meals of a nondescript kind. It was a long week before the roads were such that we could get our usual supplies, and the weekly county and London newspapers were greeted with cheers of welcome. Everything was at a stand, and even the brooks near us were closed down, stopped by snow. The thaw was a fortnight before it came and let us see green grass again, and the floods were awful.—THOS. RATCLIFFE.

BIRD PROTECTION AND THE POLICE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is unfortunate that the police do not know by sight the birds they are supposed to protect. No doubt they have a good working knowledge of the every-day birds that are on the protected list, but it is far otherwise with the rare British birds, which, after all, are the ones to be protected. Last autumn a bittern visited the marshes at the head of the Morecambe Bay, and, of course, it was shot by a man, and taken to a collector who gives good prices for British killed birds and says nothing. My informant told me that while he was in the shop admiring the bittern, a policeman came in to enquire if a bittern had been brought to the collector, as he had been informed that one had been shot. The collector replied by asking the policeman if he would know a bittern if he saw it, and the policeman replied that he would not. All the time the bittern in question was lying on the counter in full view. If the policeman had known the bird he might have done something, but, as it was, he went off satisfied with the collector's explanation, and the man who

shot that bittern is still free to shoot more rare British birds if they come in his way.—H. T. C.

BLEACHING LINEN AT HOME.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Having often obtained much useful information from your Correspondence Columns, I am writing to ask if you will allow me to enquire through this means of your readers if they can give any information as to the bleaching of linen at home in the old-fashioned way. I have the following recipe for making the dye or marle, which was used, I believe, when boiling the unbleached linen; but do not know in what proportion, nor to what other processes the linen was subjected. To make the dye, a wooden vessel with a pierced bottom is needed. This is covered with thin strips of wood, on which is placed a fair amount of straw. A piece of sacking covers this, and the wood-ashes are put on it. The vessel, which must be standing on another wooden vessel, is then filled with water and left to drain. The resulting solution is, I am told, very strong and must be used in small quantities. According to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the bleaching of linen is a very complicated work, the linen being subjected to some eighteen processes, including treatment by chemicals (which I wish to avoid using) and the employment of much machinery.—BENITA LEES.

INDIVIDUALISM IN FOWLS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have heard it stated that domestic fowls are very slow in brain development and do not reach their full intelligence until they are about six years old. Whatever may be the truth of this theory, it is yet a fact that even year old pullets show strong differences in character. Those people having small pens where the birds are under closer observation than when there is a great number, cannot fail to notice how each fowl has peculiarities of its own. As an instance, in my own pen there is an Ancona which often drives away and pecks a very savage White Leghorn, which, in its turn, is always bullying a Wyandotte Cross; yet this last bird worries the Ancona at every opportunity, seldom passing it without a savage peck. The Ancona is terrified of the cross-bred, the cross-bred of the Leghorn, and the Leghorn of the Ancona. This latter fowl makes a tremendous fuss over her laying; she complains bitterly and continuously over every egg; also she will never take possession of an empty nest-box if any of the others are engaged. She selects one of the layers, and stands with her head inside abusing the occupant, and directly the nest is empty jumps in herself and lays her egg. From what I have seen of Rhode Island Reds I judge them to be good tempered, easy-going birds; two I have had in my pen never showed the slightest disposition to quarrel; in fact, one of them was so very humble that it did not get enough to eat, and I exchanged it for a more pushing pullet. A short time ago there was a tremendous fire only about 250yds. from the fowl-house. The flames reached a height of over 100ft., and the surrounding country was brightly illuminated; the fowls took not the least notice, and remained apparently fast asleep, yet the light was so bright that the wild birds roosting in the trees all round the fowl-house woke up and began to sing. The flames were making such a crackling that it was difficult to hear the birds properly, but at one time I distinctly recognised the notes of a hedge-sparrow.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

WAGTAILS FLOCKING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There is nothing unusual in pied wagtails flocking together during migration, nor yet in their perching on trees. A large flock passes through my grounds here in Herefordshire nearly every September, roosting on some willow trees on a very small island in the middle of a pond close to the house. One evening before going to "bed" the birds settled on the cresting of the roof of an old barn, and I counted over eighty in a long row, each individual being zins. or jins. apart from its neighbour; and others came in afterwards. The whole company took several flights, returning to the barn roof before finally roosting in the willow trees.—HUBERT D. ASTLEY.

COUNTRY FOLK & DAYLIGHT SAVING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder, interested as you are in agriculture and zealous for the farmers' interest, that you should support "Daylight Saving or Summer Time." There is a majority against it in this county, even including the city of Hereford, and our rural district has twice condemned it unanimously. It takes the labour from the land at the time labour is most wanted (the earlier hour being wasted owing to dews). This is unfortunate at a time when farmers are asked to produce more to save imports. To keep his labourers by the old time the farmer has to pay overtime, though his labour bill is three times the pre-War rate. The change is disliked by postmen and policemen—one postman said to me: "All of us chaps are against it; we have to be up at four instead of five." A clerk in the County Education office told me that representations from schools all over the county had been made as to the harm it did to the children. To all early risers like countryfolk it is a hardship, shortening their short rest; and in March and September it causes them to use artificial light (see the letter of Mr. Turner, a large farmer in the next county, who said daylight saving is daylight losing to the farmers). The eight-hour day should give the extra time to workers without tampering with the clock, and the shop assistants' case could be met by earlier closing. A large employer of labour wrote last year to say that his "employés liked the hour off in the afternoon, but were not so keen about its equivalent in the morning, for never before had he had to cope with such unpunctuality." Last year the Dominion Parliament of Canada rejected the Bill.—C. E. WEGG PROSSER.

TWO SCENES FROM ADELBODEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you two photographs you may like to have from Switzerland. They were



MORNING AT ADELBODEN: THE TRACK ACROSS THE HILLSIDE.



EVENING: TAKING HOME THE FIREWOOD.

taken at Adelboden. The first is a morning view and shows a pathway across a hillside. In the other a Swiss peasant is taking home his supply of firewood.—W. A. BEARDMORE.

ROOKS' ROOSTING HABITS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During the latter part of February and the early days of March of this year I have been compelled to rest, and have been lucky enough to have within 300yds. of my window the offshoot of a local rookery. It consists of ten nests built in some tall elm trees. With glasses it has been most interesting to watch these birds, and it has revived the memory of some twelve or fifteen years ago, when I made to some extent a study of the habits of the rook, especially as regards their roosting during the winter months. I was, however, unable to follow it up, and could only try to verify certain statements I had heard. Could any of your readers give a full account of the roosting habits of these birds during the winter, and to how far on in the spring, after the nests have been started, they continue it, and from how far (authentically) they are known to fly from their feeding grounds to the roosting site?—F. H. PEARCE.

FRIENDLY PIGEONS

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Pigeons have an intimate association with many buildings and places. The capitals of Europe each have their contingents, and in each the pigeons themselves have their favourite haunts. They flock down on to the piazza of St. Mark's, Venice; they add a feathery incident to the life of St. Peter's, Rome, and no doubt acquire an architectural appreciation of Bernini's great colonnade; and they flutter round about our own St. Paul's and Royal Exchange, cooing on the cornices and parading in their curiously jerky way over the crowded pavement. But though they are best known in connection with the capitals, they are also

a familiar sight in provincial towns. Thus, in the market place of Kingston-on-Thames we find them always present. In times of plenty they have their fill, and it takes a good



THE PIGEONS OF KINGSTON.

deal of enticement to get them from their favourite perches on the Market Hall, which stands in the centre of the square, and the gilded statue of Queen Anne, which adorns the front of the building, often presents a peculiar appearance with a few pigeons on the regal head. But at other times, when food is less plentiful, they are great competitors for all that is to be had, especially in the way of corn. I send a photograph showing what is quite a common sight in the market place. Children are especially fond of feeding the pigeons. A little girl is here seen with one poised on her outstretched palm, eating the corn in it. By way of example her mother shows, with four or five pigeons resting on her arms, that there is no need to be frightened. The pigeons themselves need no such assurance, being, quite obviously, thoroughly at ease. But, at close quarters, things that flutter so strangely as a pigeon does are likely to be regarded by a child with a certain measure of timidity, and the joy of having a pigeon eating out of one's hand is mixed perhaps with a little fearfulness when one is four years of age.—P.

CRUELTY TO TOWN TREES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—These past two or three days I have watched a couple of Vandals hard at work lopping a fine old tree until they have made of it as gaunt a stump as any in the shell-stricken woods of Flanders. Trees do no doubt grow too big in our streets and gardens. Indeed, the man who loves his garden may come to hate the great tree that overshadows it. If the one would flourish, the other must not. And so down comes all that makes the tree beautiful, and it stands a bare, ugly stump. But while one can understand the gardener's grievance against the tree that robs his crops of light, it is not so easy to understand why at brief intervals the local authorities turn murderously upon the trees in the streets and public places. Many a street tree is brutally cut back and maimed about every third year, and it is an unsightly object for two-thirds of its existence. Though put where it is to give shade, it is made incapable of giving shade for at least one year in three. Trees in our towns are, in fact, often for the greater part of their lives not the pleasant sight they should be, but an eyesore because we cannot bear to let them grow naturally except as to girth. It is no uncommon thing for a great trunk that should bear a wealth of boughs to carry no more green than a currant bush would, thanks to the severe cutting back. Is this sense? Trees, maybe, cannot be allowed to grow to full size in town; there is not room for that. But need they be lopped back quite so savagely? Would not a yearly thinning be better than a three-yearly stripping? Let gardeners and borough surveyors determined to have no nonsense with the trees in their charge pause for a moment and think things over, this, the great lopping time of the year. Must the correction these unruly trees need really be such as will disfigure them for several seasons? That they are disfigured there can be no question.—R. H. B.

COLOUR IN HORSES IN PRIMITIVE, PREHISTORIC AND EARLY HISTORIC DAYS.—I

BY THE REV. GERALD S. DAVIES, MASTER OF THE CHARTERHOUSE.

IN an earlier article in *COUNTRY LIFE* I offered some facts and suggestions in reference to the colours of our thoroughbred horses of to-day, and in the light of the laws discovered by Gregor Mendel. In that paper I accepted the conclusion which the best authorities—Major Hurst, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Bersow, Mr. Bateson, Professor Punnett and others—have put forward, that brown and bay are dominant to the recessive chestnut, and that grey is epistatic. It is true that a good deal has to be discovered, and that the exact relation and behaviour of blacks, dark browns and bays to each other remain to be more exactly understood. But it is hardly necessary, for the purposes of the present article, to go beyond the above statement.

I pointed out in that earlier article that the present conspicuous colours of our horses were not primitive, at any rate as to degree, but had come into existence and developed to their present stage entirely under domestication—under the protection in some degree, greater or smaller, of man. They did not exist save in a rudimentary degree when the horse was in a wild state. The primitive colour of the wild horse was probably dun or buffy bay of a pallid, mealy tone. Without suggesting that at the present day we can point to any living representatives of the wild stock from which our horses were derived, yet one must remember that the plains of Central Asia and Tibet do from time to time present us with specimens of horses, or, say, rather ponies, which still exist in a wild condition—dull-coated, shaggy little beasts who, so far as mere appearance goes, come nearer to the smaller ponies of Norway or of Iceland (not that these two are identical), and nearer still to the Stone Age ponies whose shapes were carved on bone by the cave-dwellers of Dordogne. I quoted in my last article the Prejvalsky horse, of which a specimen is to be seen to-day at the Zoo, while another specimen is to be seen in a glass case at South Kensington. He is a mealy bay with rusty brown or black points and a tail which carries a narrow continuation of the dorsal stripe but is otherwise slightly mulish in shape. But the pony itself is distinctly horse, not ass. The question of the exact locality inhabited by the primeval horse is not yet decided, nor perhaps will it ever be. Opinions, indeed, vary as to whether our horses are all descended from a common ancestry. There are those who believe the Arab and his relatives to be descended from another primeval ancestry than the Northern breeds of horses aforesaid. No doubt the difficulty of believing that an Ormonde and a Sheltie are of one stock may be great, but to many it will not be greater than the difficulty of believing that they are of two distinct descents. But I need not take my readers into the deep waters of this most interesting question. It concerns us only to this extent, that all authorities incline to place the original home of the horse in the Far East—namely, in Central Asia, in the neighbourhood of the Gobi Desert. We must, since facts cannot be come by save to a very limited extent, rely largely on imagination to help us to reconstruct the conditions under which the first steps were taken by man to domesticate what was destined to be the most useful of all his animals. One must remember that these herds of dun-coloured or buffy ponies were roaming the Steppes under very much the same conditions as the zebras and the wild asses and the various deer of the African plains. They were hunted doubtless for their meat only. Such seems also to have been the case with the ponies pictured for us by the cave-dwellers. Herodotus tells us much of the Scythians—a very vague term in his hands—and of their horseflesh diet. And to-day, in countries much farther on the road to civilised conventions than the Scythians ever were, the eating of the horse is by no means rare. The Swedish peasant of the Northern provinces will, in a bad season, cheerfully turn his horse into sausages. And it was probably indifferent to the wild men of the Steppes whether they surrounded a drove of horses or a herd of deer.

And sooner or later it would be likely to happen that some foal whose mother had fallen under the arrows of the pursuer, or by the good luck of their pitfall, should come unhurt into the hands of the hunters and by them be taken alive to their wigwams to become presently a favourite of the camp. One such successful taming of one of the dun or bay foals would soon lead to the preservation and taming of many more, until in process of time small herds of tame or half-tame ponies would be formed, who would duly be found to breed in captivity. Such a small herd and its produce would prove a valuable asset for food purposes in hard times or when luck went for long against the hunters. And their value for milking purposes would soon assert itself. I may mention that cheeses made of horse-milk were still used by the peasants of the Roman Campagna fifty years ago—perhaps to-day also—and could even be bought in the Pizzicherie of the Trastevere. One may, in imagination, compare the conditions under which the horse was turned into a domestic animal by the Steppe dwellers with the process by which the reindeer herds were formed by the Lapps. It is believed that reindeer herds had been so formed for purposes of meat a considerable

time before the Lapp learned to milk his deer. An argument to that effect has been deduced from the fact that the Lapp language uses a word for milking derived from their Scandinavian neighbours and used by them with reference to their cows, of course. And this seems to bring the milking of the reindeer as a Lapp practice tolerably late—perhaps about 400 A.D. or later. And the use of the reindeer as a beast of burden probably came later still. The manner of herding and tending the reindeer by the wandering Lapps (I cannot do better than refer the reader to a book by a Lapp—Muittalus Samid Birra av Johan Turi, Stockholm, 1917) probably reproduces for us with fair completeness the tending and ownership of the early droves of horses. It may reasonably be supposed that the stages of utility through which the horse passed in the neighbourhood of the wigwams and the kraals of Central Asia would have been (1) food purposes, (2) milking purposes, (3) burdens and draught.

Probably the degree of protection needed by and given to the droves in their earliest stages of domestication would again be paralleled by the case of the reindeer. In the wild condition the chief enemies of the horse were (1) wild animals, especially wolves, gluttons, and in some neighbourhoods the large hunting cats; (2) shortness of pasture. The wild horse had no protection against the wild beasts except in his speed, and this was, of course, largely limited by the presence of foals in the herd. It is the custom of the half-wild herds of to-day, we are told, to place the foals and young horses in the middle, the older horses in a circle defending them against marauders by kicking—an art not valued highly by horse owners to-day but much valued by them in the early morning of the breed: an art developed when it was of the highest use to its possessors. The second enemy, shortage of pasture, was met to some extent by the speed of the horse, which enabled the herd to move quarters with as much rapidity as a herd of zebras to-day under similar circumstances. Here, as in the case of escape from wild animals, natural selection did its work in bringing about the survival of the speediest.

But there was another direction in which natural selection was, in the wild condition, acting for the preservation of the race—a direction wholly to be contradicted by and by the preferences and action of human selection under domestication. A consideration of the circumstances already roughly pictured will assure us that a good concealment colour must have been of great value to a drove of horses in its hour of resting on the Steppes and stony wildernesses. I say in the hours of rest, for in the hours of movement no colour ever gives real concealment, though some are better than others. Now, I have already said that dun or buffy bay was probably the colour which marked the primitive drove on the tawny Steppes. Any departure from that tint in the direction of greater richness of coat or more visible colour would make its possessor a better mark to bands of wolves. For it is the habit of wolves to separate one animal from the herd and hunt him to the death, and the object so selected when the herd was first viewed from a distance would be likely to be the most conspicuous animal. Hence natural selection, through the action of wild animals, would be always tending to check any departure from the dull monotony of type—the comparatively invisible duns and buffs.

Returning now to our imagined herd, tamed from their foalhood and gathered about the prehistoric Stone Age camp. The degree of protection granted to them by their new condition would, as we have said, be about the same as that of a herd of reindeer—that is to say, they would be kept within reasonable range of the camp, and protected so far as possible from wolves and prowling enemies. Probably in many cases they would be enclosed, at certain times of the year, in kraals. If the dog had been already domesticated he would have been no small factor in their protection. But of this we can know nothing. Above all, the drove would be far less liable to decimation through shortage of pasture. The camp, being chosen largely, no doubt, with a view to the presence of pasture and to a good supply of water, would be far more favourable to the growth and size of foals than the struggle for existence on the Steppes had been—though it would, at first, check to some extent the development of speed.

Now this cause, the richer and better food, acting together with the removal of natural selection, would tend, over a long series of years, to the development of colour which, under the shelter of man's home, would no longer be any great danger to the possessor. It will be remembered that Alfred Wallace, disputing the power of Sexual Selection in the production of rich or brilliant colour, assigns as a cause for it increased vigour and vitality. I offer here no opinion on that question. But it does seem probable that the gradually increasing vigour of the horse under his improved conditions should have increased colour as we know that it increased size. Human selection at a later stage played no doubt ever a stronger part. Gradually the old dun colour and buff would become less a favourite than the brighter and more attractive incipient stages

of brown, bay and chestnut. Then would follow the slow building up of these colours, produced from the three pigments now known to be the basis of coat colour in horses, namely, black, chocolate and yellow. The work, this, of many, many centuries, but of how many who shall say? And meanwhile the laws of Mendelism, working all unknown—bay with black points dominant, and chestnut recessive. Very weak and mealy, probably, in that day, all these now rich and brilliant colours, for many centuries or for a few thousands of years. We can imagine much, but we cannot lift the curtain from the true facts which lie so far back before the days of history.

A word or two may be useful here on the subject of visibility of colour. I was led to take an interest in it when, some thirty years ago, I lived in Surrey and frequented field days and reviews at Aldershot. At that time Her Majesty's Forces were mainly clad, for the convenience of the enemy, in two of the most visible colours that could well have been chosen, namely, the dark green, almost black, called, in irony I presume, "invisible" green, which was reserved for the one or two regiments who of all others should have been concealed: the other colour was the scarlet of the line regiments: while a third colour was the dark blue of the artillery and of some cavalry regiments. The net result of a long series of observations was this: that pure white, even in no large patches, is the most conspicuous at any distance against any background except, perhaps, the pure white of newly scarred chalk. Next in order of visibility comes black and its nearest relations, such as very dark brown and the dark green aforesaid. Scarlet is very conspicuous, but becomes invisible sooner than the other two. In descending scales come the dull greys, snuff colours (khaki) and nondescripts. Of course, the relative visibilities are modified or increased by various conditions of atmosphere as well as by various conditions of background and surroundings.

I am writing this in a room at a seaside place which looks out upon a long chalk headland, sparkling white in sunshine, dull grey in dull weather. Under it for some little way runs a parade with people in black, scarlet and nondescript. In deciding the relative visibility of these colours at about eight hundred yards distance, half close the eyes gradually. The nondescripts go out first: then the scarlet disappears: then, later, the blacks, leaving the lighted up portions of the white cliffs as still a strong landmark. The experiments may be tried almost anywhere. At times one is tempted to think that black is of all the most visible. But one can satisfy oneself on that point as follows. Place a newly painted black post near a newly painted white one and view them at increasing distances, the eyes half closed. The black post will at last vanish or remain only as the faintest blur; the white will still be plainly visible.

In estimating the "values" of colours in animals the same method of half closing the eyes will often decide the point which the open eye fails to determine. I have found that among animals, horses, cows, etc.—always reserving some modification from distance, atmosphere and surroundings—white and white-grey (not a dirty grey) are in all conditions the most visible, except, perhaps, in a pale white mist. In bright sunshine they are brilliant, and even in semi-darkness can often be seen when other colours have passed out. Next after the pure whites and white greys come the blacks and deep browns, who make dark patches against most backgrounds. The red of a cow is less visible against a green background than a rich bay horse. But the colour of bay passes through so many shades that it is a little difficult to speak of. It is very visible in its richer forms, but a pale bay is often fairly well concealed, especially if the pasture be dry. Chestnut, again, varies in degrees of visibility from the dark liver colour, true "chestnut," very visible, to the sorrel, pale chestnut, which in some surroundings is well concealed and becomes invisible early. And though pure whites and white greys are, as I have said, the most conspicuous of all coat colours, the same is not true of dirty greys, nor of blue roans and red roans in which the coloured and white hairs are evenly distributed over the body. For these colours have very low visibility and speedily merge into most surroundings.

Now it stands to reason, as must here be repeated, that any horse in a wild drove who began to draw away from the uniform type of low visibility towards one of these more visible colours, even in a small degree, would sooner or later be likely to give away not only himself but his whole drove. A little lot of the pale buffs and duns lying down upon the Steppe might escape at a few miles distance the notice of the wolves. But if one or two members showed a darker coat, they and the whole herd would be more easy to distinguish. The total extinction of such a drove is by no means the unlikely incident it might seem. For the wolf has the instinct well known in other beasts of prey—the ferret, for example, and to some extent the fox—of killing not merely what it wants but every living member within its reach. Numberless instances are on record of the wholesale destruction of reindeer herds by comparatively few wolves. I knew one Lapp, Bjer Fjällman, living by the side of a lonely lake, who had, it was said, once been rich and had been made poor by thrice losing the greater part of his herd through wolves. Evidently, as we think of this, all danger from wild beasts did not end for the horse when he first entered upon domestication, nor yet for many a long year. It must have taken much time before the half-wild types developed coat colour unrepressed by any of the forces of natural selection.

I have not dealt specially with the colour grey in this article, having handled it at some length in the articles on thoroughbreds.

I will merely recall the fact that three pigments—black, chocolate and yellow, in various degrees and combinations—go to the making of coat colour in horses, black, brown, bay and chestnut. Each hair of the coat is a transparent spike with a thread-like tube which receives the pigment from the pigment cells lodged in the epidermis. But there are no pigment cells containing white. White and white-grey are caused by a method of Nature known—but hardly, I think, fully understood—as "inhibition." This principle prevents the entry of any of the three true pigments into the tube—known as the "medulla"—of the hair. The pigment or pigments are present in the pigment cells, all the same, but have, owing to inhibition, no access to the tubes of the hair. The tubes are, instead, filled with a granular pulp. It is thus, and thus only, that grey is produced. And here arises the very interesting question of the original appearance among the early breeds of horses of this most compromising colour. If there is any truth at all in what one has said of the danger to the droves of any departure from the invisible duns and drabs, then of all colours the most dangerous to its possessors would be white-greys and whites: and no colours would be more surely eliminated or made discontinuous than they. It is not too much to think of them as impossible colours to a wild drove. And though I have used the word "discontinuous," it cannot properly be used. For in a line of greys discontinuity is extinction. No grey horse can exist—such is an article of faith with all writers of to-day—without a grey parent. I think it certain, from what I have argued above, that no wild white or white-grey ever came into the hands of prehistoric man to be domesticated by him. It is then a pretty question: How did it begin? Or, in other words, how, or when—not actually as to date, but relatively as to stage—did the principle of inhibition take action and produce the first ancestors of the greys of the thereafter?

There are desert tribes to-day who claim fabulous antiquities for the pedigrees of their greys. They may be right, probably are, though the pedigrees are largely imaginary. But it is pretty certain that grey is no young colour of to-day—counting our "to-day" as merely the period inside the most ancient of the Egyptian dynasties.

A word or two may be added here on this question of the perpetuation of the colours white and grey in the horse and other domestic animals. I have already suggested that the great reindeer herds of the Lapps offer us to-day the best if not the only example of one of the stages and conditions through which cattle and horses must have passed on their way up to complete domestication. Comparison in this case produces many parallels. It does so on this question of the selection and preservation of white or grey animals. In the districts of Lapland which I know best and where the herds are fairly numerous there is a belief among some practical herd owners that the white deer do not live so long as others: also that their skins are less valuable owing to their being much pierced with holes made by the "broms"—the gadfly, the deadly persecutor of the reindeer. The white colour is easily seen, and makes its possessor an easier object of attack, they say. On the other hand, the colour has the advantage to the Lapp of being most easily seen by himself at a distance. But any prejudice against the colour is far more than outweighed by the superstition, which prevails over much the same districts, that white deer bring good luck; and round this superstition have grown up several others. In Jemtland, for example (Frostviken district), a Lapp bridal pair should be drawn on their *pulkas* to their wedding behind white deer: a corpse to its grave in like manner: and in the days, not far back, when the Naid (Trollman or magician) was still a power, he too could drive abroad only behind the pure white reindeer. In Jemtland, indeed, the white reindeer had come to be reckoned as more or less sacred, and the white reindeer must not be milked by a woman. The evidence on this and many other points will be found in "Lapparna og deras land," by Sigrid Drake (Stockholm). And one only needs to transport oneself back to the day when the horse was in the same stage as the reindeer of to-day around the "Káta" of the Lapp, to realise how human preferences may have acted for the preservation of this colour or of that, especially when excellence of quality seemed to go hand in hand with beauty to the pleasure of the owner's eye, giving him profit and joy of his bonny drove, just as it does to-day for the Lapp, who scans his glorious herd upon the fjäll side.

VILLAGE CENTRES COUNCIL

CESSATION of war brings with it many responsibilities which must not be shirked, and peace for us does not mean peace for the disabled men who are still fighting their own battles. There is a duty laid upon every one of us, a duty which must be a real thing and not merely an idealistic dream which simmers gently in the background of our minds, a duty to the disabled ex-Service men who are still with us and will be with us for many years. Many people are willing to help if they are shown the way, and the Village Centres Council is a way which calls for united popular support. For us it is a way of paying a debt of honour, and for the disabled it is a road to a complete and independent life. The Village Centres Council was formed by a small group of medical men and others in 1917 in order to assist the State in securing curative treatment and training for ex-Service men. Its primary object is to associate with the medical treatment vocational training in the

open air and in workshops. It aims at offering attractive and co-operative conditions of social life for the men, at enabling men with their families to occupy cottages and homes and "a bit of land" on fair terms during the curative treatment, and later on making it possible, by supplementing State Pensions and their own resources, for them to return to their former homes and earn a livelihood in the old, or perhaps a new, occupation. The gradual unfolding of the tiny bud of promise till the fine flower of achievement begins to bloom makes an interesting story. In course of time the proposals for setting up combined treatment and training at Village Centres in England were matured, and Enham Place, near Andover, Hampshire, was chosen for the first Village Centre. The estate, which comprises farms, houses, cottages, a village hall and a post office, was approved both by the Ministry of Pensions and

the Board of Agriculture, and several hospitals gave equipment of every description. Instruction is given in horticulture, farming, forestry, poultry-rearing and many kinds of handicraft, and already several men have passed out as wage earners, or fit to return to business, or sufficiently cured to continue training at non-medical centres. But demands for admission are pouring in, and more cottages must be built, more trades catered for and more centres started, and money is urgently needed to develop the good work—it is hoped that the Flag Day, March 24th, will have added substantially to the funds. The Secretary, Captain J. Mandark Hollis, 51, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., will supply all information. It behoves us to wipe out the reproach of the young soldier poet: "Better far to pass away, While the limbs are strong and young, Ere the ending of the day, Ere youth's lusty song be sung."

STEEPLECHASING & STEEPLECHASERS

A NOTABLE NAVAL OCCASION.



CAPTAIN H. DE TRAFFORD ON CARRIGRUE LEADING THE FIELD FOR THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP.

WHATEVER may be the result of the Grand National Steeplechase, due to be decided at Liverpool on March 26th, it will not be without interest, I suggest, to recall that race at Lingfield Park last week when the Irish horse Troytown failed to give 15lb. to the winner, Sir James Buchanan's Silver Ring, who won in very fine style. The judge said that he won by eight lengths. The point is that had Troytown been pressed he might have reduced the margin to two or three lengths. Therefore, whether he wins or loses, he must at any rate be given credit for quite a remarkable performance. On the whole I am inclined to rank Troytown as the finest example of a steeplechaser I have set eyes on for many years. That may be giving him very high praise, since I have always had a big opinion of Poethlyn. Jerry M., too, was in every sense a notable horse. Troytown is too long in the back to be absolutely perfect, but no one could say that Jerry M. was not long in the back. What, however, struck me most about the former when I looked him over at Lingfield last week was that he is not yet in a physical sense as perfect as he will be with another year's or two years' development. He has yet to furnish. Readers who understand the

building up of racehorses until they reach absolute maturity will understand what I mean.

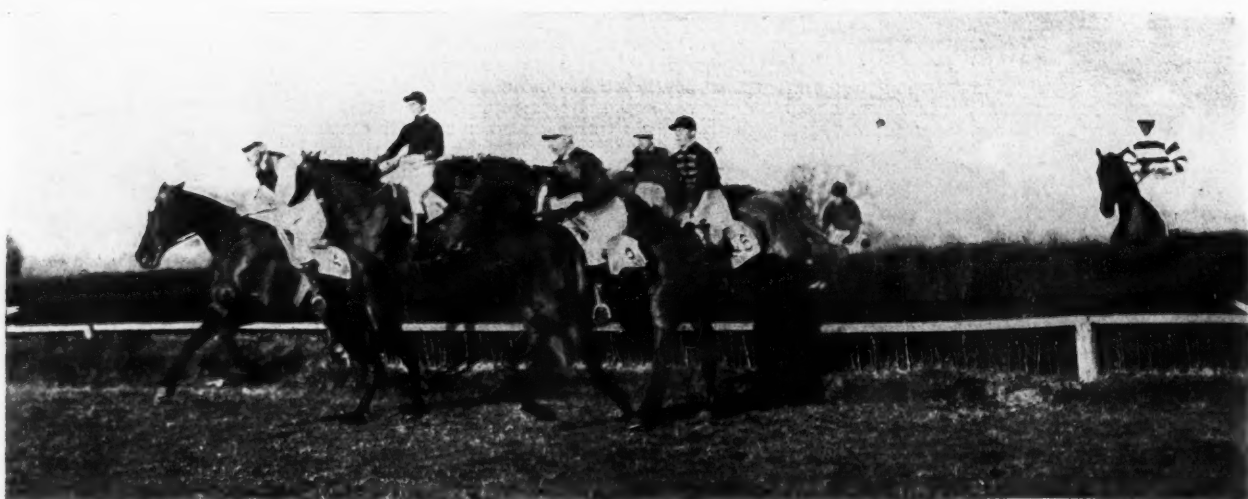
To-day this great brown son of Zria has a massive frame with tremendous scope and liberty of action. In front of the saddle he is simply abnormal, having splendid length of rein, grand jumping shoulders, and the best of fore-legs. It is behind the saddle that he needs to improve. The back, as I have said, is longer than is correct, and he is shorter than I like from the top of the loins to the start of the tail. I like to see plenty of length there as a rule in a jumper. But he is a great actioned horse, throwing immense impetus and zest into every big stride.



W. A. Rouch.

WHITE SURREY, RIDDEN BY MAJOR WALWYN, AND FLY III AT THE LAST FENCE FOR THE GOLD CUP.

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W. A. Rouch.

THE OPEN DITCH IN PAST AND PRESENT HANDICAP.

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He has, too, wonderful speed for such a big 'un, and over those Lingfield fences he skimmed just like a skilled hurdler. What he will do with the great big fellows at Liverpool remains to be seen. The more I reflect on it the more I am convinced that he put up a great performance when, with 12st. 2lb. on his back, he beat some of the best two mile steeplechasers, and was only held in check by Silver Ring, who is one of the smartest performers that have come out of Ireland in recent years. Mr. Jack Anthony has said that Troytown is the best steeplechaser he has ever ridden, and I have never seen him quite as enthusiastic as he was after the race I have been referring to. Silver Ring is to compete for the Grand National. The idea in the first instance was to let the horse compete for the Lancashire Steeplechase, but plans were altered after his striking success at Lingfield. At Liverpool he would be meeting Troytown on 10lb. worse terms. Sir James Buchanan's horse is an exceptionally good-looking horse, too, of a rather more orthodox type. He is furnished and matured, and apart from his fine jumping propensities, he showed himself possessed of exceptional speed. He, too, is by Mr. Sullivan's horse Zria, who would seem to be remarkably successful in getting big and powerful jumping stock. His breeding is wonderfully high class, for, bred by Sir Robert Jardine, he is by Cyllene, by Bona Vista, by Bend Or, from Perce-Neige, by St. Simon. As a young horse he ruptured a tendon and did not run until he was a four year old. His racing career was actually limited to thirty-five days, during which he ran five times, winning twice over a mile and a half and a mile respectively. He was sent to the stud in 1911. I may add that his well bred dam, Perce-Neige, won the Nassau Stakes at Goodwood, and was beaten by a neck only in the Coronation Stakes at Ascot.

I fully expect to see Poethlyn win another Grand National to-day (Friday). He stands out as the best long-distance steeplechaser we have in this country, and all associated with him are very confident. He has steadily thriven on his preparation, and so far as I can see—assuming I am correct in my supposition that Troytown will not stay—he has only to avoid making any serious mistake in jumping and escape interference from any loose or falling horse. There were comparatively few fallers last year when, however, the fences were fairly easy by comparison with the pre-War strength to which they have now been restored. Troytown seems certain to start second favourite. I think the fact that his jockey, Mr. Jack Anthony, is so sweet on his chance is influencing public opinion a good deal. One likely to jump and plod on to the end is Sergeant Murphy, who seems to be at his best just now. Then Mr. Harry Brown is not without hopes of success on The Bore. This horse ran very well under 12st. 7lb. at Sandown Park last week, just

failing to give 13lb. to Lord Denman's useful 'chaser Temple Bar. The distance was scarcely far enough for The Bore. His jumping, however, was delightful to watch. Another great jumper that I expect to run well is Neurotic. He does not look a "National" horse in any sense, but he is a great jumper, and I shall be wrong in my judgment if he does not acquit himself well.

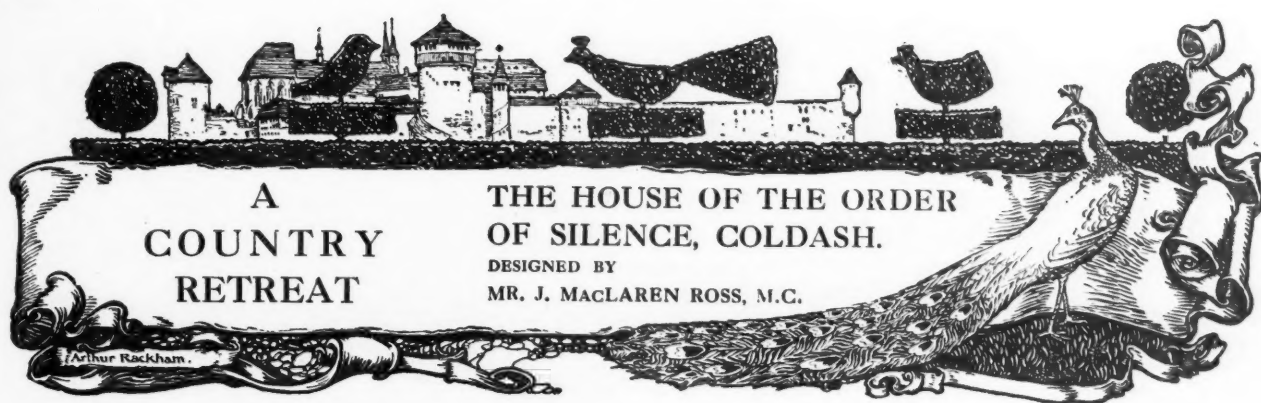
There was a great naval occasion at Sandown Park last Saturday, when the senior Service triumphed over the Army in the steeplechase for the Grand Military Gold Cup. The King was present to see White Surrey win for Admiral of the Fleet Sir Hedworth Meux, and I think it is just fifteen years ago since the gallant admiral won the Cup with Ruy Lopez, ridden by Captain Stacpoole. White Surrey was now ridden by Major C. T. Walwyn of the Gunners. Towards the end of the War he was in charge of the R.A. Riding Establishment at Woolwich, and there is no doubt he acquitted himself splendidly on the big grey horse. He will agree that White Surrey is a very fine natural jumper and has quite a smart burst of speed for a horse that is essentially of hunter type and does not give the idea of being fast. His sire Nabot was a very fast horse. He, too, was a grey, bred in France, and I fancy he won the Portland Plate at Doncaster for the late Sir Blundell Maple. He was well backed, too, for a Cambridgeshire, but he failed then as if the distance was beyond his tether. I think afterwards Sir Ernest Cassel had the horse and used him as a sire. White Surrey is far more massive than his sire ever was, and as I have said, he undoubtedly suggests the hunter type. What a day's hunting he would give one who was willing to go!

I think it was in 1906 that the Navy was last prominently associated with the Grand Military Gold Cup. It was the year that the late Captain Denny won on Royal Blaze. Captain Claude de Crespigny was second, beaten a head; and then only a short head away there was Captain Cradock on Prizeman. The recollection is melancholy, for the third rider was the gallant Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock, who perished on the *Good Hope* when his little squadron was sunk by Von Spee's more powerful guns off Coronel.

PHILIPPOS.



W. A. Rouch. TEMPLE BAR (RIGHT) AND THE BORE LANDING AT THE LAST FENCE. Copyright.



IT is the architectural treatment of the building here illustrated rather than the principles of the Order of Silence which now concerns us; but, inasmuch as the plan and structure of a building are determined by the working conditions it is intended to serve, some indication, however brief, must be given of the underlying aims. It must not be supposed that the members of the Order have anything in common with the austere life, or rigorous asceticism. The outlook is a much more human and genial one, the Order being an association of persons who wish periodically to break away from the rush and turmoil of everyday existence, and to enjoy instead a communal life in perfectly restful surroundings; and particularly to devote time to the study and discussion of the greater things of life.

The Order was founded about six or seven years ago, and has a considerable number of members, both men and women, each of whom is enabled from time to time to retire to the House of Silence which has been built on high ground at Coldash, near Newbury. An estate of about 250 acres was here acquired. In part it is woodland, and on its highest ground—more than 500ft. above sea level—it commands a glorious view of the Hampshire hills.

The building work was begun in 1914 and completed at the end of the following year. The only existing structures on the site were two farms, one of which, a little seventeenth century house, has been restored.

As will be seen from the plan on the next page, the scheme includes a large building called the House of the Ministrants with a cloister court and warden's lodge,

the latter having a magnificent prospect over the countryside. On the entrance side of the main building is a water tower (with a laundry on the first floor), and on the other side is a grass plateau terminating in an open-air theatre. The main building provides accommodation for thirty-six residents, each of whom has a private study that also serves as a bedroom, these studies



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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE CLOISTER COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

being provided with a fitment that combines a writing table with shelves for books and cupboards for clothes, while the beds are nothing more than box-spring mattresses on castor frames, with loose covers that are put on during the day when the room serves as a study. There are no fireplaces in the studies, heating being provided by radiators from a furnace in the basement, and in the matter of bathrooms it is arranged that one bathroom serves for three studies.

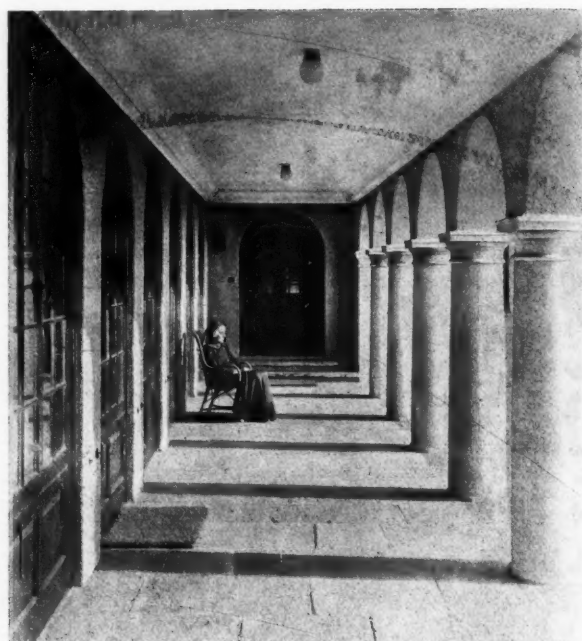
The chief room on the ground floor is the refectory, adjoining which is the kitchen, with cupboards between the two so contrived that everything is stored in the handiest way



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THE LOGGIA.

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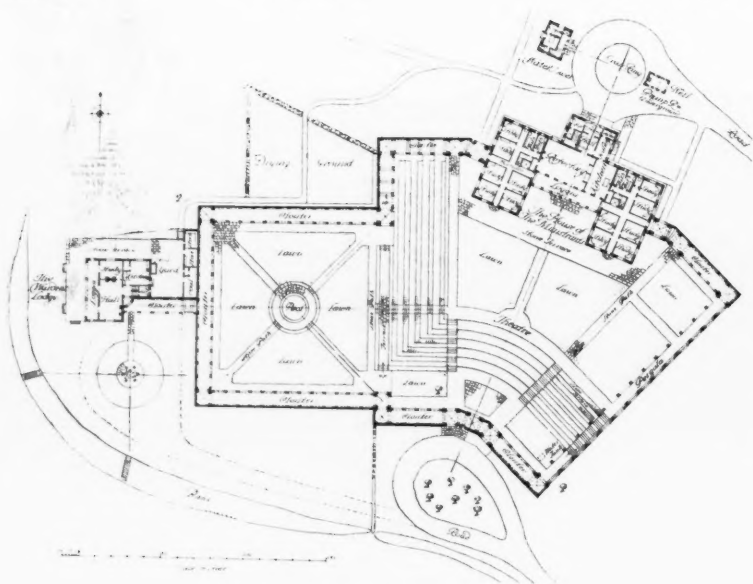
possible. Service wagons are kept in the lower portion of these cupboards and can be pushed through from one room to the other, thus greatly facilitating the laying of the table and the serving and clearing away of meals. It should here be explained

that there are no servants in the institution, each member of which takes his or her turn of domestic service, and with the idea of saving labour as much as possible all door knobs and handles are of cocus wood (in the place of brass, which requires polishing). The kitchen range, of table type with a tiled front, is anthracite-fired. It burns continuously and does away with the cleaning of flues. And the floor and wall surfaces are similarly schemed to reduce labour to a minimum. The only open fireplaces are in the library and the refectory, these being in brickwork with brick hobs and no ironwork. In the warden's lodge a feature is made of an open-air sleeping balcony, seen in the view at the bottom of this page.

Mr. MacLaren Ross has designed a building which is admirably successful in giving the effect of restfulness so essential in this case. He has relied on proportion of masses for effect and has eliminated ornament, his main feature for relief being the loggia outside the refectory, repeated above as a connecting passage-way on the first floor. For the walling local bricks were used, rough-cast with white quartz (fine shingle) from Somerset, which has given a cream colour without the use of any pigment. The roofs are of brown pantiles, while for the cloisters old London paving has been used, with York paving for the outside paths. All the woodwork is of Oregon pine with cypress panels for doors, stained and waxed. There is no paintwork anywhere, while as regards the plaster it has to be noted that this has been left rough from a wooden float, in this way securing an extremely pleasing texture. On the first floor is the library, and here also is the sanctuary, where services are held. Access to it can be gained by the public direct from the hall staircase, which point recalls the fact that though this building is intended for the express use of members of the Order, there are occasions when members of the public who are not members of the Order are admitted to hear lectures or to attend services.

Though its title might suggest it, the Order has no rule of constant silence, but there are three appointed times—in the morning from six to half-past, then from twelve to half-past, and again in the evening from six to half-past—when complete silence is maintained, during which times the residents devote themselves to unbroken meditation.

R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.



THE PLAN.



Copyright.

WARDEN'S LODGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE CALCUTTA CUP

BY LEONARD R. TOSSWILL.

IF you were to ask any player in England or Scotland which match of all others he would choose to play in, the answer would be, inevitably, the fight for the Calcutta Cup. Ask any old international which is the hardest game he has ever played in, the answer would be the same. I have a vivid recollection of some remarks made by that famous old forward, E. T. Gurdon, while we were waiting to begin the match at Inverleith in 1902. Mr. Gurdon said, "Now, boys, this is a game you will never forget; your first match against Scotland is like no other game you will ever play!" And it was true; no man knew better than he, for he played seven times against Scotland.

The match last Saturday was a fitting close to a season that has been remarkable, not so much for a particularly high level of play, as for the reawakened interest in the game and an amount of keenness on the part of players and spectators that was never surpassed in the days before the War. There was a record crowd at Twickenham; the King, who was accompanied by Prince Albert and Prince Henry, showed once again by his presence the sympathy he has with Rugby football, the game with a longer and sadder Roll of Honour than perhaps any other; the weather was perfect, the football was worthy of the occasion. What more could anyone desire? Indeed, what Mr. Jorrocks said of hunting was equally true of Rugger on such a day—"the sport of kings, the image of war, without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger"; as for women who were present, they were anything but "verry weary warmints," if one could judge by appearances.

By the time this article appears in print, the story of the match will have been told and retold many times, but the

and hooked the ball successfully five times out of six. In the loose there was little to choose between the rival packs; at first the visitors held the advantage, but the English forwards lasted grandly and played magnificently during the last twenty minutes of the game.

Outside the scrummage the Scotsmen were outclassed; they only struck one as being a moderate lot at best, but, with the English backs at the very top of their form, they never had a chance of success. Probably the weakest link in the Scottish attack was the play of the half-backs. Nimmo was low and very erratic; of Fahmy little was seen. The wing three-quarters, Crole and Sloan, were brilliant when they got a chance, but this happened seldom. The understanding between the three-quarter backs was not always very good; there was a lack of finish about their movements and no real sting in their attacks. The Scottish full-back seemed nervous and failed to do himself justice. Among the forwards Maxwell shone pre-eminently; Usher led his men in fine style and set them an excellent example; Duncan, Wemyss and Macpherson were in the van of every rush and followed up grandly.

The chief honours on the winning side must be accorded, naturally, to the backs. Whenever his forwards gave him a chance, Kershaw got the ball out to Davies swiftly and accurately, besides doing much excellent individual work both in attack and defence; it was his best game for the season. Davies also was at his best and, on the whole, was the most brilliant back on the field; his kicking to touch was a model of good judgment and accuracy. Lowe lived up to his great reputation; it is difficult to know which to admire most, his running or his deadly tackling;



SCOTLAND BREAKS AWAY.

movements that led up to England's tries cannot be described too often—each was a gem in a brilliant setting; each was in it's way typical of the whole match.

The first try was scored within five minutes of the kick-off. The Scottish forwards secured the ball in the scrummage—as usual—and heeled. Nimmo slung out a long, wild pass, which was intercepted by the ubiquitous Davies. A fine run by the Navy half-back, drawing the defence, a clever cross-kick, beautifully fielded by Lowe, the flash of a white jersey and the old Cambridge wing had scored. Greenwood kicked a goal and England was five points up.

Twenty minutes later, Kershaw and Davies got off and, after some clever by-play—it's a way they have in the Navy—the latter sent the ball out to Hammett. The Newport centre tricked the opposing three-quarter backs, and on reaching Patullo, the Scottish full-back gave Harris a clean and well-timed pass. The South African went off at a great rate and raced round behind the goal posts. The English captain added another goal.

Five minutes later Bruce Lockhart dropped a goal for Scotland, their solitary success. England's last try was Kershaw's own and was a suitable reward for this fine player's unselfishness and hard work during the season. Scotland got the ball and heeled, but before Nimmo could secure the ball he was robbed of it by Kershaw, who threaded his way through the opposition, dodged the back and scored a try.

The Scottish forwards were best in the tight scrummages; they packed better, wheeled better, often pushed their opponents

they were equally good in this match. Harris played better than ever before; he made fine use of the almost obsolete art of handing-off and in all phases of the game was only second to Lowe. Hammett rose to the occasion and his kicking was most useful and, for the first time, he justified to the full his inclusion in the International team. Myers was sound and gave Lowe his chance. As a line the three-quarters were a great success and each combined movement was fraught with danger to their opponents. The Cumberlege who played at Twickenham was a very different person from the man we saw at Swansea; he was a worthy successor, on the day's play, to the great full-backs who have represented England in the past. If this match should prove to be Greenwood's last, he can think of it with pride; he is as good a forward as one could wish to have, and Rugby football in general and the English XV in particular owes much to his example and leading. Wakefield was splendid also, especially out of touch; Conway, Smart, Voyce, Blakiston, Woods all distinguished themselves and were tireless to the end.

It is very pleasant to be able to conclude a review of the principal Rugby football matches during 1919-1920 on a note of almost unstinted praise for the representatives of England; they have had many difficulties to contend with. For many of the players last Saturday's match was their first experience of the stern struggle associated with the Calcutta Cup, but, in spite of their want of experience and the five years' break in the life of the game, they showed to the satisfaction of everyone last Saturday that there need be no misgivings in our minds as to the future—all's well with Rugby football in England, to-day.

ON THE GREEN

By BERNARD DARWIN.

HANDICAPPING ECCENTRICITIES AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

THESE is, as is well known, a new rule whereby any golfer who receives more than three strokes from a fellow member in the handicap list at any of his clubs cannot enter for the Amateur Championship. It is going to produce some paradoxical situations. It is also, perhaps, going to produce libel actions. It has been stated in print that Mr. Angus Hambro is not eligible because he only owes two strokes at Deal, whereas Mr. Beveridge owes six. This is the grossest libel, however, because Mr. Hambro has not belonged to the club for ten years or so. Neither, in fact, does Mr. Beveridge owe six, and thus another very fine golfer, Mr. Mellin, who owes two, just escapes. There are very likely similar anomalies at other clubs. Such things are bound to happen, for, in the first place, our system of handicapping is chaotic—indeed, it is not a system at all. In the second, nearly every one of us has his happy hunting ground where he has a handicap which he cannot live up to on any other course. It almost looks as if we should have to go in for a new solemn and Americanised scheme of handicapping in order that the unfortunate Championship Committee should make a rule that no one can "grouse" at.

A LAST WORD ON OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

Some people in this world have all the luck. I heard the other day of a man who offered to lay 20 to 1 that Cambridge did not win one single game in the University match at Sunningdale next week. Why, oh why, did I not meet him before other people took that bet—the most insane, I should say, that ever was made. My own impression—coloured, perhaps, by partisanship—is that if, regardless of all traditions and points of honour and incumbrances of that sort, I could put the Cambridge team in the order I liked, they would make a very close fight of it. The chief point would be to sacrifice two "rabbits"—if I may speak so disrespectfully of two half Blues—to Messrs. Wethered and Tolley because these two terrible young gentlemen will win anyhow. The main strength of the side I should concentrate from Nos. 4 or 5 onwards. Even though these tactics cannot be employed, and Messrs. Johnson and Humphreys may have to be immolated on the altar of Mr. Wethered and Mr. Tolley—even so, I think, Cambridge will do much better than people expect. Mr. Johnson has come on lately; Mr. Morrison and Mr. Hope have both done some very good things, and the Oxford tail does not inspire much awe. Altogether I have great hopes that Cambridge will cut a far more dignified figure in defeat than I once deemed likely.

AN ARGUMENT FOR SCORING BY HOLES.

I cannot help thinking that this year's University match affords a strong argument for going back to the old and more ruthless method of scoring, not by matches, but by holes. At present the position is rather anomalous and absurd. The captain of the winning side of the previous year, in this case Oxford, hands to the opposing captain the list of his men in the order in which they will play. That is a clear admission that the other captain can place his players in what order he likes, availing himself of the knowledge that his enemy has given him. Yet this knowledge is, in fact, of very little use, because it is regarded as a point of honour to put the team as far as possible in order of merit. When the scoring is by holes this position never can arise, because it cannot possibly pay to sacrifice a "rabbit" to a "tiger"; the tiger's tale of holes would be too great. By the present method the sacrifice clearly would pay and is clearly admissible, but it is not thought the right thing. It would surely be better and simpler to score by holes. The old argument that it is "hard luck" on a side to have one man who loses a dozen holes or so carries very little weight to-day.

THE SOCIETY AND WALTON HEATH.

Last Saturday and Sunday were two golfing days snatched from Paradise, and on such days Walton Heath, forgetting all about the bitter winds and rains of winter, can look, I think, just a little lovelier than any other inland golf course. Never were there two days better fitted for foursomes at once strenuous and friendly, and the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society team, when it went away flushed with victory, decided that it had never enjoyed itself more. The match was on the best of all models for team matches, that of Woking and Sunningdale, four foursome couples aside, and four rounds and change opponents after each round. Foursomes are funny things, and I think the Society must have been very lucky. It was certainly an extraordinary thing that Mr. Angus Hambro and Mr. Gillies could not between them add as much as a single point to the Walton score. If they had played together as partners they would have probably won all four of their matches, but the principle of dilution of labour was perhaps carried too far and neither of them could quite manage to win by himself. Mr. Holderness and Mr. Layton played some extraordinarily brilliant golf and won three of their matches, but I am glad to be able to boast that Mr. Evan Campbell and I beat them in the other. Mr. Campbell played splendidly throughout the two days. Very few people realise yet quite how good a player he is, but when you have been pulled round by him for two days—a well meaning millstone round his neck—you have no doubts about it all.

LETTERS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN

ON SHOOTING.—VI.

By THE HON. DOUGLAS CAIRNS.

MANY books have been written on deer-stalking; one or two of them excellent and worth your perusal. My recollection of them as a whole is that all pre-suppose not only total ignorance on the part of the would-be stalker (in which they are possibly right), but also his inability to master the rudiments of the art or science, or combination of both; and in this the various authors seem to take too much for granted, for there is no reason why any boy who begins early and under the best tuition should not ultimately develop into a passable amateur stalker, provided—with a big "P"—that he is reasonably endowed with powers of observation, activity—physical and mental—eyesight, patience, and that indefinable sense of locality. It is of no use going to the forest to practise rifle shooting. The foundation of proficiency must be laid where mistakes do less harm.

There are several types of weapon in the market, each as near perfection as possible; but as finality is not yet in sight, any recommendation of a particular pattern might be put out of date at short notice. Meanwhile it would be difficult to improve on the Mauser .276, with soft-nosed, split-cased bullet. Incidentally, it seems a pity that British makers do not devote some of their skill to evolving a satisfactory single-shot weapon of this class, *i.e.*, minus the

cumbrous magazine, pregnant with temptation. But, whatever the rifle selected, the importance of accuracy and familiarity with your weapon *before* going to the hill cannot be too strongly emphasised. However perfect your performances at the target may be, your first few attempts at the real thing will be handicapped by such considerations as light, position (the former of which is always, and the latter often beyond your control), anxiety and various influences arising from physical exertion or discomfort. Therefore, school yourself to shooting well in other than selected postures. Judging distance is of less vital importance in these days of flat trajectories, but you should satisfy yourself as to the so-called point blank range of your rifle. Ascertain by experiment, *e.g.*, with the 200yds. sight up, how high at 100yds. and how low at 300yds. the bullet strikes. Beyond the latter distance never fire at deer. Before leaving the subject of shooting at a mark let me warn you against trusting in bullseye accuracy. There are no bullseyes painted on deer. If there were, there would be practically no misses or miss-hits, and very soon no deer. Imagining the bullseye, or spot you wish the bullet to strike, is half the battle. Put up a box, say, 3ft. by 2ft., and imagine the exact "heart." You will thus be less at sea when the sights are aligned on a live beast. Hinds are usually recommended as the next step. A miss here

does not spell calamity. You may get several chances in a day. The light, too, is generally bad in the hind season: even if there is snow on the ground the hind presents an appearance so homogeneous as to emphasise the necessity of imagining the desired spot. But, except in cases where wholesale reduction is necessary or where the stock of hinds is sufficient to warrant the policy of killing "milk" hinds and their calves, the selection will be beyond your judgment till you have had considerable experience; and the best hinds, *i.e.*, those which have lost or slipped their calves, are always the most difficult of approach. Roe make the best practice of all; killed at the only season when they are much in evidence, *i.e.*, just before or during the rut which takes place early in August, according to locality. For a

other, but not nobler, quarry. The professional hill man came to his own in the War, occasioning, it is whispered, no little jealousy on the part of his less long-sighted comrades in arms. To a beginner it is usually difficult to pick up an object of which the position is described to him, and infinitely more so to spot such object at first hand; while even this difficulty is as nothing compared to the task of making sure of your ground preparatory to a stalk, *i.e.*, satisfying yourself that no tip of horn or ear betrays the presence of a deer either in your path or on some vantage ground commanding your line of approach; and it is from the deer *lying down*, particularly some motionless hind, assimilating in colour so hopelessly with the colour of her background, that you have most to fear: no question of feeding interrupts her

vigil. Not very many stalks are spoiled by the beast *actually stalked* spotting the enemy. Do not draw the stalker's attention to some object which looks to you like a deer unless you are certain. If he is good at his job he will probably have spotted with his "bare eye," as he calls it, any beast you have laboriously discovered through your glass. Remember also that he is as familiar with his beat and with every suspicious-looking stone or tussock thereon as you are with your hearthrug or favourite putting green.

Apart from rifle and glass, there is but little room for advice as to equipment. Please yourself about the colour of your clothes, provided it is neutral and inconspicuous on all sorts of ground. Counsel of perfection, this; but grey of some kind most nearly answers the



PREMATURE CURIOSITY WILL RESULT IN YOUR BEING "PICKED UP."

week or two previous to and during this mating season—a short, short one—the bucks show in the more open parts of the wood, and can often be seen nosing after the does. Their stalking is necessarily a rapid business, so restless are they from sexual causes and so apt to be driven by the flies into dark and cool cover. Your Mauser or other rifle will spoil the meat considerably, but the roe does not reach his best from a culinary point of view till late autumn, when his flesh is almost unequalled. The use of a much less powerful rifle is desirable for another reason, *i.e.*, safety to stray humans; but you want to acquire confidence in your stalking weapon proper. Use it therefore with the greatest care. For this wood stalking a binocular or monocular of the prismatic type is far handier than a telescope, the constant adjustment of which absorbs valuable moments. The former can be carried uncased and with focus fixed if necessary by varnish, slung round the neck and resting in the breast pocket. The monocular is particularly handy, and even for open hill stalking can with advantage supplement the telescope for close work; situations often arise when the latter cannot be used with due regard to speed and concealment. On sunny days the glint on the telescope may give you away, while in normal—*i.e.*, wet weather—the monocular will long outlast his big brother. But the "glass" is the proper instrument for spying, and its skilful employment is only less important than that of the rifle, in that you may, and at first must, depute the business to a professional eye: just because that business savours to you of magic, you will be the more anxious to understand something of it. Therefore, familiarise yourself to some extent with the use of the telescope *before* you ever go stalking. Possibly you may have done this already on

purpose. Remember that, though it may be a fine warm morning outside the sheltered lodge, you may have a long wait in the mist at 3,000ft. It is best to err on the side of warmth. Mackintoshes, luncheon cases, etc., fall under the category of "luggage on the hill," which gives trouble, and should be left behind. Conservatism demands a cover for your rifle, which would be of use were a waterproof one obtainable, but frowns upon a detachable sling, the comfort of which you will appreciate on a long walk or ride home. A stick, long and strong, and a case to hold ten spare cartridges will be required. The latter, plus lunch and flask, put in your *own* pocket. Separation from the gillie is not improbable, and you may not care about lunching off "straight" liver, toasted on a cleaning-rod, an expedient to which I was once driven about dusk on a December afternoon. You can fill the flask with the modern apology for whisky, or with rum, which is better on a cold day; but do not drink either, or more water than you can help, till the main business of the day is over. There are certain parts of the Highlands where adders are undesirably plentiful, lying coiled up on dry tussocks in the "flow" ground, where the necessary crawling may result in a bite. A tiny receptacle holding tablets of permanganate of potash, for instant application to the bitten part, takes up but little space, and can be carried in the hollow butt with which most modern rifles are provided. You will probably never require the remedy, but a bite might lay you up for days.

I had almost forgotten a few words of advice on sighting the rifle. Avoid the deep and narrow V, obliterating most of the object. Choose a *very* shallow and wide notch, and let your foresight be the smallest you can see in a bad light. The notch should have a vertical platinum line down

its centre, and the foresight a rear surface of silver solder. Enamel is even better, but is too easily knocked off. The aperture backsight is the easier to use, in the form of a ring with fairly large opening. The pierced disc sold as an aperture sight is useless except on the target. The aperture sight can be dovetailed behind the bolt-head in the Mauser rifle, or fitted to a "claw" above the bolt. The best foresight for use in conjunction is a small bead on a stem, protected by a steel or brass hoop. The telescope sight you should not use so long as your eye remains sufficiently elastic to focus without it.

Learn how to "gralloch" a stag yourself: it is interesting and may be useful in the event of separation. Get the stalker to show you how to knot the gullet, scrape up the tallow, wash the "poch-buie," etc. Should you be alone and have to leave a stag a night on the hill, tie a piece of paper to his horn, spread some grass on him, weighted with a stone, to keep off vermin, and bend his head under him on the left side, before the neck stiffens, for it is thus he must be arranged on the pony next day.

You will learn more about stalking in your first day on the forest than I could tell you on paper in a week, especially if accompanied by a stalker possessed of the knowledge of the old school minus its autocratic methods. Some of these older men used positively to delight in refusing to disclose their reasons for orders and acts incomprehensible to the learner. They loved doing things in their own way, unopposed and unquestioned: their "gentleman," poor soul, was regarded—no doubt often rightly—as a nuisance till the actual shot was to be taken, and even then he was often handicapped by his attendant, or rather his master, inserting his own person into the one position from which this was possible. Deer were less plentiful, shooters limited in number, and content, in the Victorian manner, to leave details to employés. The stalker was credited with omniscience, just as, later on, was the chauffeur. Nowadays, the shooter and the car owner like to know the why and the wherefore. But

the increased numbers of deer (I am writing of conditions before the War, and before the casualties of the present winter had occurred), combined with the greater accuracy and longer range of modern rifles, have tended to make the younger generation of stalker much less careful in his methods. The difficulties condensed into those last hundred yards can be cut out altogether: a lying stag can be "taken" in the neck, without the weary wait till he rises: the report no longer clears a whole countryside, as in the days of black powder: less time need be spent on care, for failure can be subsequently atoned for. But, for all his faults, or the faults of his age, the modern stalker has advantages for his raw pupil: he does not treat the latter as a fool, incapable of learning that certain causes are followed by certain effects, and recognises the fact that most of us are willing to make ourselves uncomfortable if furnished with a reason for doing so. But do not let these observations deter you from obeying instructions for which no reason is forthcoming. Take the reason for granted: there is not always time for explanations. For instance, when "crawling in" to the firing-point, under orders to imitate the stalker's *ventre-à-terre* advance, do not, just because you see the backs of the deer, feeding and unsuspecting, raise your head to get a glimpse of the stag. Ten to one, there is a hind on sentry duty, and your premature

curiosity will result in your being "picked up," and all your toil and time wasted.

Remember that, on the hill, no episode is self-contained nor isolated, nor barren of results. One hind rashly disturbed may ruin your beat for the day. Effects of disturbance are terribly cumulative. Though the wind is the medium on which deer chiefly rely for news, the eyesight of individual deer is far keener than some people suppose. The glint of a rifle-barrel or glass is detected at incredible distances. Sounds, also, e.g., of falling stones or crowing grouse, arouse suspicions which even time and patience fail to allay. Perhaps the most trying moments, or hours, in a day's stalking are those spent in inaction. The tedium of a long wait in the mist can be relieved by watching the effect of the wind striking different points and corries: the resulting eddies will teach you a good deal.

Advice as to "keeping cool" may seem superfluous, but do not deceive yourself into underestimating the difficulty of doing so. Even your professional attendant is apt to be moved by his Celtic fervour towards persuading you to try a shot whose result, if successful, could only be a fluke. An arduous stalk may disclose your stag walking away "end on": once over that ridge, you will not see him again to-day, for it is growing dark. But restrain yourself: the odds are in favour of his halting on the ridge



AN ARDUOUS STALK MAY DISCLOSE YOUR STAG WALKING AWAY "END ON."

for a last look behind him, giving you an easy broadside chance. Even if he does not, the very lateness of the hour should make you thankful that you did not risk a shot which might have sent a noble beast to die a lingering death. A miss would have mattered less, but would have marred the pleasure of your homeward journey and the memory of a day otherwise, perhaps, flawless. And these recollections of stalking days—apart from the death of stags—are something worth carrying home. Tired you may be, and footsore, hungry, thirsty, wet; but you have had a glimpse of the sublime. He who has sat, a human atom among the chaos of rocks on the summit of Carn Eige, nearly 4,000ft. from the not far distant sea, and watched the mist being sucked by the sun off peak after peak, ridge after ridge, unveiling all that is fairest in Scotland, bears away with him a treasure which neither time can tarnish, failing eyesight obscure, nor Chancellor of the Exchequer steal away.

My best thanks and yours are due to my old friend Mr. Brewster Macpherson of Balavil for explaining in a trice, with his pencil, some typical situations which may confront you. His other weapon is a short Mannlicher-Schonauer, and he is fortunate in being able to restore to life, on paper, with the one, the forms which he lays low so accurately, on the hill, with the other.